THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Not a single path
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.
—*Pollok.*

The stars of night, the stars of night,
That gem the blue, ethereal sky,
Like islands of celestial light
They in a sea of beauty lie;
Though clouds will oft obscure their ray,
They are not lost forevermore—
For when the storm has passed away,
They shine as sweetly as before.
This is the lesson which they teach,
Our faith in God should be so pure,
That though distrust may often reach,
It can't efface—'twill but obscure.

Oh, summer moon, that sweeps along
A pathway of most radiant glory,
To thee love pours his sweetest song,
To thee he breathes his earnest story;
To thee the cry of wild despair
Goes echoing through the upper deeps,—
Yet not for these thou lingerest where
Thy path leads down the western steeps.
Ah, would that we the path of duty
Might ever tread as constantly
Like thine it is illumed with beauty,
Through shady dell, o'er sunny lea.

Oh, blushing rose, oh, blushing rose,
Whose incense rises on the air,
Thy cheek is like the maid's which glows
When love has set his signet there;
Thou smilest on in stately pride
Through stormy nights and days of gloom;
Fair rose! what other flower beside
Has richer odor, brighter bloom?
Thus should *we* tread life's thorny way,
In faith undimmed by grief or sorrow—
Though shadows fall around to-day,
Perhaps the sun may shine to-morrow.

Oh, gliding stream, oh, gliding stream,
Why hasten down thy winding way?
The sunlight here, with brilliant gleam,
Is shining on thy silver spray:
And thus 'tis with the stream of life,
Still moving with a restless motion,
With rock and shore in constant strife,
Until it reaches death's dark ocean;
Through sun and shade it presses on,
Through shade and sun, but lingers never;
Earth's landmarks leave us one by one,
And then 'tis joy and peace forever.

Bethany, Missouri.

Can a Clergyman Marry Himself?—This question came recently in due legal form before one of the courts, if we remember *right*, in Ireland, and was strictly ruled in the negative, the judge deciding not by precedent but by common sense. Had they known it, however, they might have called in a precedent to their aid. The same appeal was once made to the late Bishop Majendie, of Bangor, by a young clergyman, a popular preacher who had become enamored of a singer, a lady more than twice his own age, and scarcely his equal in position—in a word, such a person that his friends, one and all, declined to tie the wedding knot for him. In his difficulty the clerical Adonis went to the Bishop, and asked him "whether, if all his friends refused, he could marry himself?"

"Young man, can you bury yourself?" was the Bishop's instant reply, in his deep, sepulchral voice, as he rose hastily and left the apartment.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE ATTACK.

A little way removed from the bustle of Ketterford, a town of note, situated in the heart of England, stands a white house; a green lawn, surrounded by flowers and shrubs, intervening between it and the high road. A private residence, and a handsome one: and yet, one of its lower rooms was fitted up as a counting-house, with desks and stools, and matting on the floor; and maps and drawings, plain and colored, upon its walls. Not finished and beautiful landscapes, such as issue from the hands of modern artists, or have descended to us from the great masters; but skeleton designs of buildings; of churches, bridges, terraces; plans to be worked out in actuality, not to be admired upon paper.

On a certain Easter Monday, several years ago, there sat at one of the desks a tall, gentlemanly young fellow, active and upright. He had large, deep-set gray eyes, earnest and truthful, a pale, clear, healthy complexion, and dark hair. So intent was he upon a book, over which he was bending, that he failed to hear his own name called out from the corridor, and the call was repeated.

"Austin! Austin Clay!"

That roused him.

"Yes, ma'am!"

An old lady in a lavender print dress, with a bunch of keys attached to its girdle, opened the door, and looked in. She wore spectacles, and an oldfashioned cap, white as snow. It was Mrs. Thornimett, the mistress of the house.

"So you *are* here! Sarah said she was sure Mr. Austin had not gone out," she exclaimed, trotting up to the desk and looking over Austin Clay's shoulder, to peer at his book. "And now, what do yo mean by it?—confining yourself in-doors this lovely day, over that good-for-nothing Hebrew stuff?"

A remarkably sweet smile rose to Austin's amused face: in fact his countenance was one always pleasant to look upon.

"It is not Hebrew, Mrs. Thornimett. Hebrew and I are strangers. I am only indulging myself with a bit of old Homer."

"All useless, Austin. I don't care whether it is Greek or Hebrew, or Latin or French.—To pore over those rubbishing dry books whenever you get the chance, does you no good. If you did not possess a constitution of iron, you would have been laid upon a sick bed long ago."

Austin laughed outright. He knew Mrs. Thornimett's prejudices against what she called "learning." Never having been troubled with much herself, she—like the story told of the Dutch professor by George Primrose—"saw no good in it." She lifted her hand and closed the book.

"May I not spend my time as I like, upon a holiday?" remonstrated Austin, half vexed, half in good humor.

"No," said she, authoritatively: "not when the day is warm and bright, like this. We do not often get so fair an Easter. Don't you see that I have put off my winter clothing?"

"I saw that at breakfast."

"Oh, you did notice that, did you! Well, I never make the change till I think warm weather is really coming in. And so it ought to be: for Easter is late this year. Come, put that book up!"

Austin obeyed, a comical look of grievance upon his face.

"I declare you order me about just as you did when I came here first, a lad of fourteen. You'll never get another like me, Mrs. Thornimett. As if I had not enough out-door work every day in the week! And I don't know where on earth to go to! It's like turning a fellow out of house and home."

"You are going out for me, Austin. The master left a message for the Lowland farm, and you shall take it over, and stop the day with them. They will make as much of you as they would of a king. When Mrs. Milton was here the other day, she complained that you never went over now; she said she supposed you were growing above them."

"What nonsense!" laughed Austin. "Well, I'll go there for you, ma'am, without grumbling. I like the Miltons."

"You can walk, or you can take the pony gig. Whichever you like."

"I will walk. What is the message?"

"The master—Austin," Mrs. Thornimett suddenly broke off, "don't you think the master has seemed very poorly of late?"

"N—o," replied Austin, speaking slowly, as if considering whether he did or not. "I have not noticed it particularly."

"That is just like the young! They never see anything. Well, I have, Austin; and I can tell you that I do not like his looks. Especially I did not like them when he rode forth this morning."

"All that I have observed is, that of late he seems to be disinclined for business. He is heavy; sleepy; as though it were a trouble to him to rouse himself; and he complains sometimes of headache. But, of course—"

"Of course, what?" asked Mrs. Thornimett. "Why do you hesitate?"

"I was going to say, ma'am, that of course Mr. Thornimett is not as young as he was," continued Austin.

"He is only sixty-six; and I am sixty-three. But you must be going. Talking of it, will not mend it. And the best part of the day is passing."

"You have not given me the message."

"The message is this," said Mrs. Tornimett, lowering her voice to a confidential tone. "Tell Mr. Milton that Mr. Thornimett would not answer for that timber merchant, about whom he asked us. The master fears he is a slippery customer; one whom he would trust as far as he could see, but no further. Just say it into Mr. Milton's private ear, you know. And Austin," added the old lady, following him to the door, as he went out, "do not make yourself ill with their Easter chiscakes."

"I will try not," said Austin, laughing, and nodding back to Mrs. Thornimett as he crossed the lawn.

He took the road to his right hand, past a large yard, some workshops, and sheds. They belonged to Mr. Thornimett; and, the timber and other characteristic materials lying about, would have proclaimed their owner's trade, without the aid of the lofty signboard—"Richard Thornimett, Builder and Contractor." His business was extensive for a country town.

Austin Clay was of good parentage, but at the age of fourteen had been left an orphan, with scarcely any means. He was taken from school by Mr. Thornimett, and apprenticed to himself. "Out of charity," some people said. Yes, in-so-much as that no premium was received with him. His mother, Mrs. Clay, and Mrs. Thornimett had been distantly related. Mr. and Mrs. Thornimet had no children, and they took him; not to adopt him, as the phrase goes; not to leave him a fortune; simply to put him in the way of getting his own living. They grew fond of him; he was an open hearted, generous boy, and won upon their esteem. Certain indulgences, as to the going on with his school studies, were accorded him; not to interfere with his business hours, but at odds and ends of time. Drawing, mathematics, and languages, were his favorite pursuits; but, with the languages Mrs. Tornimett waged perpetual war. Where would be the good of them to him? she continually asked; and Austin, in his pleasant, laughing manner, would answer that they might help to make him into a gentleman. But Austin Clay, though perhaps he might know it not, was, in mind and manners, a gentleman born. He was one-and twenty years of age now, and the busybodies of Ketterford decided that Mr. Tornimett would be some time making him his partner.

Past the workshops, Austin struck into the fields; so much more agreeable, on that fine day, than the dusty road. They brought him, when nearing the end of his journey, to a large common. A sort of waste common, useable by anybody: where Gipsies encamped, and donkeys grazed, and children and geese were turned out upon. A broad path ran through it, for carts or other vehicles. To the left it was bordered in the distance by a row of cottages; to the right, its extent was limited, and terminated in some dangerous gravel pits; dangerous, because they were not protected. Austin had reached nearly the middle of the common when he overtook Miss Gwinn; a very strange lady, popularly supposed to be "mad," and of whom he had once stood in considerable awe; at which he laughed now. She was a tall, bony woman, of remarkable strength, long past middle age; and it was well known that she had some source of secret and intense sorrow.

"You have taken a long walk this morning, Miss Gwynn," said Austin, courteously raising his hat, as he came up with her.

She threw back her gray cloak, with a quick, sharp movement, and turned upon him.

"Oh, is it you, Austin Clay? You startled me; my thoughts were far away; deep upon another. *He* could wear a fair outside, and accost one in a pleasant voice, like you."

"That is rather a doubtful compliment, Miss Gwinn," he returned, in his good-humored way. "I hope I am no darker inside than out. At anyrate, I don't try to appear different from what I am."

"Did I accuse you of it? Boy! you had better go and throw yourself into one of those gravel pits, and die, than grow up to be deceitful," she vehemently cried. "Deceit has been the curse of my days. It has made me what I am; one whom the boys hoot after, and call—"

"No, no, not so bad as that," interrupted Austin. "You have been cross with them sometimes, and they are insolent, wicked little ragamuffins! I am sure every thoughtful person respects you, feeling for your sorrow."

"Sorrow!" she wailed. "Ay. Sorrow beyond what falls to the ordinary lot of man. The blow fell upon *me*, though I was not an actor in it. When those about us do wrong, we suffer. We more than they. I may be revenged yet," she added, her expression changing to anger, "if I can only come across *him*."

"Across whom?" asked Austin.

"Who are you, that you should ask me?" she passionately resumed. "I am five-and-fifty to-day—old enough to be your mother, and you presume to put the question to *me*. Boys are coming to something."

"I beg your pardon: I but spoke, perhaps heedlessly, in answer to your remark. Indeed, I have no wish to pry into anybody's business. And as to 'secrets,' I have eschewed them, since, a little chap in petticoats, I crept to my mother's room door to listen to one, and got soundly whipped for my pains."

"It is a secret that you will never know, or anybody else; so put its thoughts from you. "Austin Clay," she added, laying her hand upon his arm, and bending forward to speak in a whisper, "it is fifteen years this very day since its horrors came out to me! And I have had to carry it about since, as I best could, in silence and in pain."

She turned round abruptly as she spoke, and continued her way along the broad path, while Austin Clay struck short off towards the gravel pits, which was his nearest road to the Lowland farm. Silent and abandoned were the pits that day, for everybody was keeping holiday.

"What a strange woman she is!" he thought.

It has been said that the gravel pits were not far from the path. Austin was close upon them, when the sound of a horse's footsteps caused him to turn. A stranger was riding fast down the common path, from the opposite side to the one he and Miss Gwinn had come. A slender man, of some seven-and-thirty years, tall, so far as could be judged, with thin, prominent, aquiline features, and dark eyes. A fine face; one of those that impress the beholder at first sight, and, once seen, remain permanently on the memory.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Austin, fixing his eyes on the stranger. "He rides well."

Miss Gwinn had also fixed her eyes on the stranger; eyes that seemed to be starting from her head with the gaze. It would appear that she recognized him, and with no pleasurable emotion. She grew strangely excited. Her face turned of a ghastly whiteness, her hands closed involuntarily, and, after standing for a moment in perfect stillness, as if petrified to stone, she darted forward in his pathway, and seized the bridle of his horse.

"So! you have turned up at last! I knew—I knew you were not dead!" she shrieked, in a voice of wild raving. "I knew you would some time be brought face to face with me, to answer for your wickedness!"

Utterly surprised and perplexed, or seeming to be, at this summary attack, the gentleman could only stare at his assailant, and endeavor to get his bridle from her hand. But she held it with a firm grasp.

"Let go my horse," he said. "Are you mad?"

"*You* were mad," she retorted, passionately. "Mad in those old days; and you turned another to madness. Not three minutes ago, I said to myself that the time would come when I should find you. Man! do you remember that it is this day fifteen years that the—the—crisis of the sickness came on? Do you know that never—"

"Do not betray your private affairs to me," he interrupted. "They are no concern of mine. I never saw you in my life. Take care! the horse will do you an injury."

"No! you never saw me, and you never saw somebody else!" she panted, in a tone that would have been mockingly sarcastic, but for its wild passion. "You did not change the current of my whole life! you did not turn another to madness! These equivocations are worthy of *you*."

"If you are not insane, you must be mistaking me for some other person," he replied, his tone none of the mildest. "I repeat that, to my knowledge, I never set eyes upon you in my life. Woman! have you no regard for your own safety? The horse will kill you! Don't you see that I cannot control him?"

"So much the better if he kills us both!" she shrieked, swaying up and down, to and fro, with the fierce motions of the angry horse. "You will only meet your deserts; and, for myself, I am tired of life."

"Let go!" cried the rider.

"Not until you have told me where you live, and where you may be found. I have searched for you in vain. I will have my revenge; I will force you to do justice.—You—"

In her sad temper, her dogged obstinacy, she still held the bridle. The horse, a spirited animal, was as passionate as she was, and far stronger. He reared bolt upright, he kicked, he plunged; and finally he shook off the obnoxious control, to dash furiously in the direction of the gravel pits. The lady fell to the ground.

It would be certain destruction to both man and horse. Austin Clay had watched the encounter in amazement, though he could not distinguish the words of the quarrel. In the humane impulse of the moment, disregarding the danger to himself, he darted in front of the horse, arrested him on the very brink of the pit, and threw him back on his haunches.

Snorting, panting, the white foam breaking from him, the animal, as if conscious of the doom he had escaped, now stood in trembling quiet, obedient to the control of his master. That master threw himself from his back, and turned to Austin.

"Young gentleman, you have saved my life!"

There was little doubt of that, and, in the satisfaction of the moment, Austin felt not the wrench he had given to his own shoulder.

"It would have been an awkward fall, sir. I am glad I happened to be here."

"It would have been a *killing* fall," replied the stranger, stepping to the brink and looking down. "And your being here must be owing to God's wonderful providence."

He lifted his hat as he spoke, and remained a minute or two silent and uncovered, his eyes closed. Austin, the same impulse of reverence extending to his spirit, lifted his.

"Did you see the strange manner in which that woman attacked me? She must be deranged."

"She is very strange at times," said Austin, "and flies into desperate passions."

"Passions! It is madness, not passion. A woman like that ought to be shut up in Bedlam. Where would be the satisfaction to my wife and family, if, through her, I had been lying at this moment at the bottom there, dead? I never saw her in my life before; never."

"Is she hurt? she has fallen down there."

"Hurt! Not she. She could call after me pretty fiercely when my horse shook her off. She possesses the rage and strength of a tiger. Good fellow! good Selim!" said a mad woman frighten and anger you!" added the stranger, soothing his horse. "And now, young sir," turning to Austin, "how shall I reward you?"

Austin broke into a smile.

"Not at all, thank you," he said. "One does not merit reward for such a thing as this. I should have deserved sending over after you, had I not interposed. To do my best was a simple matter of duty, of obligation; but nothing to be rewarded for."

"Well, I may be able to repay it in some manner as you and I pass through life," said the stranger, mounting the now subdued horse. "Some neglect the opportunities thrown in their way of helping their fellow creatures; some embrace them, as you have just done; I believe that whichever we may give, neglect or help, will be returned to us in kind. Like a corn of wheat, which must spring up what it is sown; or a thistle, which must come up a thistle. Will you tell me your name? and something about yourself?"

"My name is Austin Clay. I can boast of no relatives, save very distant ones. And I am being brought up for a builder."

"Why, I am a builder myself," cried the stranger. "Shall you ever be coming to London?"

"I daresay I shall be, sir. I should like it."

"Then mind you pay me a visit the first thing," said he, taking a card from a case in his pocket, and handing it to Austin. "Come to me, should you ever be in want of a berth; I might help you to one. Will you promise?"

"Yes, and thank you, sir."

"I fancy the thanks are due from the other side, Mr. Clay. Oblige me by not letting that Bess o' Bedlam obtain sight of my card. I might have her following me. That town, beyond, is Ketterford, is it not?"

"It is," replied Austin.

"Fare you well, then. I must hasten to it to catch the twelve o'clock train."

He rode away. Austin looked at the card. It was a private visiting card, "Mr. Henry Hunter," with an address in the corner.

"He must be one of the great London building firm 'Hunter & Hunter,'" thought Austin. "First-class people. And now to see after Miss Gwinn."

She was rising upas he approached: rising slowly. The fall had shaken her; though no material damage was done.

"I hope you are not hurt," said Austin, kindly.

"A ban light upon the horse!" she fiercely cried. "At my age it does not do to be thrown on the ground violently. I thought my bones were broken; I could not rise; and he has escaped. Boy, what did he say to you of me, of my affairs?"

"Not anything. I do not believe he knows you in the least. He says he does not."

The crimson of passion had faded from Miss Gwinn's face, leaving it wan and white.

"How dare you say you believe it?"

"Because I do believe it," replied Austin, in defiance of logic. "He declared that he never saw you in his life, and I think he spoke the truth. I can judge when a man tells truth, and when he tells a lie. Mr. Thornimett often says he wishes he could read faces as I can read them."

Miss Gwinn gazed at him, contempt and pity blended in her countenance.

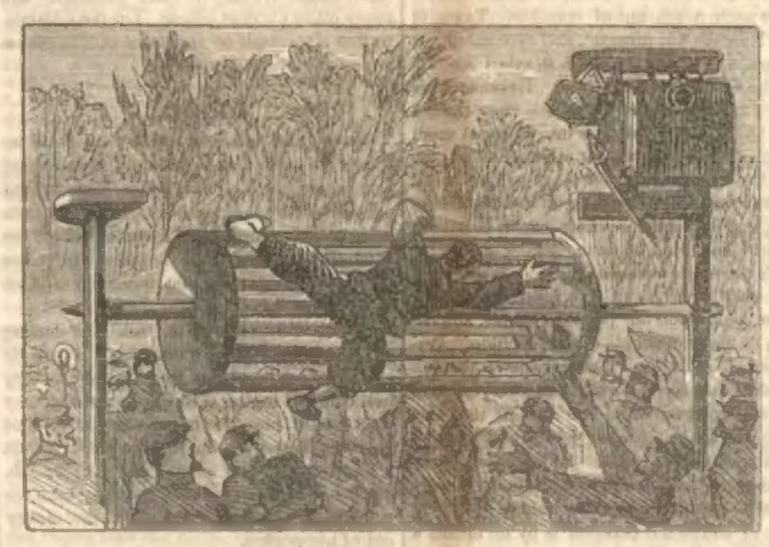
"Have you yet to learn that a bad man can assume the semblance of goodness?"

"Yes, I know that; and assume it so as to take in a saint," hastily spoke Austin. "You may be deceived in a bad man, but I do not think you can in a good one. Where a man possesses innate truth and honor, it shines out in his countenance, his voice, his manner; and there can be no mistake. When you are puzzled over a bad man, you say to yourself 'He *may* be telling truth, he *may* be genuine;' but with a good man you know it to be so. That is, if you possess the gift of reading countenances; which is one of the best gifts God gives us. I am sure there was truth in that stranger."

"Listen, Austin Clay. That man, truthful as you deem him, is the very incarnation of deceit. I know as much of him as one human being can well know of another. It was he who wrought the terrible wrong upon my house; it was he who broke up my happy home. I'll find him now. Others said he must be dead; but I said, 'No, he lives yet.' And you see he does. I'll find him."

Without another word, she turned away, and went striding back in the direction of Ketterford, the same road which the stranger's horse had taken. Austin stood and looked after her, pondering over the strange events of the hour. Then he proceeded to the Lowland farm.

A pleasant day, among pleasant friends, spent he, rich Easter cheesecakes being the least of the seductions he did *not* withstand; and it was half past ten at night before he



SOLDIERS' AMUSEMENTS—THE WHIRLIGIG.

The above illustrates one of the amusements in the camp of the 23rd Pennsylvania Regiment. All sorts of pretty things are to be had by simply climbing on to the top of the whirligig, and taking them from the post. But that is not so easy as it looks. It is about as hard as climbing up the whirligig of Fame and Fortune—perhaps, for some, a little harder.

found himself back at Mrs. Thornimett's. Conscious of the late hour, for they were early people, he was passing with a hasty step over the lawn, when Sarah, one of the two old maid servants who had lived in the house for many years, and had scolded and ordered him about, when a boy, to her heart's delight and for his own good, came running to meet him. She must have been at the door, watching for him.

"Where *have* you stayed? To think that you should be away this night, of all others, Mr. Austin! Have you heard what has happened to the master?"

"No. What!" exclaimed Austin, his fears taking alarm.

"He fell down in a fit, over at the village where he went; and they brought him home, a frightening us two and the missis a'most into fits ourselves. Oh, master Austin!" she concluded, bursting into tears, "the doctors don't think he'll be alive by morning. Poor, dear old master!"

"May I go and see him, Sarah?" he whisperingly inquired, after a pause of consternation.

"Oh, you may go; the missis won't care, and nothing rouses *him*. It's a heavy blow; but it has its side of mercy; God never sends a blow but He sends mercy with it. *He sees fit to be took;* he had lived a bit for the next world while he was living in this. And them as do, Master Austin, never need shriak from sudden death."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate, made a speech in that body on the 9th inst, in which he brought forward a great deal of testimony to show what the English and the American principles on the subject of International Law always had been.

Mr. Sumner does not say, in so many words, that he disapproves of Mr. Seward's argument on the Trent question—but the evidence he brings forward can hardly fail to produce that impression in the minds of intelligent readers.

By referring to this evidence—which we quote in another place—our readers will see how naturally and justly our government could have based the surrender of the rebel agents on the broad and liberal principles maintained by Madison and Monroe, instead of on a mere pretended informality, which does not touch the real merits of the question.

It will be seen that during the period of twenty years immediately preceding the war of 1812, our government had *repeatedly* proposed to Great Britain the adoption of the principle, that belligerents should not "*take from the vessels* of neutral parties on the high seas, any person whatever not in the military service of an enemy." Mr. Madison says:—"*With this exception* we consider a neutral flag on the high seas as a safeguard to those sailing under it."

Great Britain, after repeatedly evading the above proposition, in a reply dated April 12th, 1805, positively refused to accept it.

In our treaties with France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Prussia, Spain, Columbia, Central America, Brazil, Mexico, Venezuela, Ecuador, New Grenada, Guatemala, and San Salvador, the above principle is inserted—both parties agreeing that enemies are not to be "*taken out of the ships*" of either party, with the exception of "military men actually in the service of an enemy."

As to the question of "dispatches," it appears that in our treaties with Spain, Columbia, and other countries, in which contraband articles are expressly named and specified,—and in which it is provided that "all other merchandize and things not explicitly enumerated and classified shall be considered free"—dispatches are not enumerated, and are therefore not to be considered "contraband of war."

Thus it will appear that, in conformity with the settled and uniform policy of this Government, Mr. Seward should have released the rebel agents, if he considered them the agents of a belligerent power, on the broad ground that not being "military men," they and their dispatches, found on board a neutral vessel, were not, on *American* principles, liable to capture.

To place the rendition, as has been done, on the plea that the Trent should have been seized also, is to elevate a merely incidental matter into a chief and controlling one.

In the dispatches of Madison to Monroe, and to Merry, the British Minister, relative to the impressment of seamen, the main objection made was to the taking of the seamen at all—the mode of doing it, without a trial, being simply alluded to occasionally as an aggravation of the offence, not the offence itself. Thus Mr. Madison wrote to the British Minister at Washington, April 9th, 1805:—

"The United States cannot accede to the claim of any nation *to take from their vessels* on the high seas any description of persons, *except soldiers in the actual service of the enemy.*"

The fair inference from the above is, that the United States had no objection to the "*taking from their vessels*" of "soldiers in the actual service of the enemy."

The language of the numerous treaties to which we have referred, is the same—they all allow the "*taking*" out of neutral vessels, of military men actually in the service of the enemy.

It is provided in some of the treaties that even goods, "contraband of war," shall simply be *taken*, without the neutral vessel being seized also. The idea that to seize and confiscate the vessel in addition was a kindly thing, never having entered into any other than the generous and magnanimous and peace-loving British imagination.

When our fathers urged, as they did, on several occasions, that it added to the injury of impressments, that the captain of the belligerent vessel made himself both judge and jury,—he being an interested party, wanting seamen—it did not follow that they desired our vessels seized also in such cases, and carried into a British port, to await a trial by the Court of Admiralty. They never made a proposition like that to the British Government. They would much rather have had the men that were claimed carried into a British port and tried by themselves, than to have had both vessel and men carried on.

But the truth is, the real objection was to the taking of either native born or naturalized American citizens from the decks of our vessels—and not mainly to the mode of doing it. There was no mode of doing it—by officers as polite as Lord Chesterfield, or judges with the most capacious and venerable of horse-hair wigs—that could reconcile us to such a proceeding. The thing in itself was an outrage.

Mr. Sumner seems to think that Great Britain has yielded her old principles in the settlement of this matter. We are not as yet able to see it. She is not committed by anything but the language of Earl Russell—and that is so general and indefinite that it commits her to nothing. She ought to have been required to put her demand on some definite ground.

We it is who have lost—by not putting the delivery on the broad and liberal principles which we have heretofore assumed, and which forbade us to consider any of our enemies, when found on neutral vessels, with the single exception of "military men," contraband of war.

Well, the thing is done. And the principal reason for showing exactly what it is that has been done, is to prevent our citizens from laboring under a false impression of what we are hereafter justly entitled to from England. The general idea now is, that England is committed to American principles of International Law, and that we have a right to expect the most liberal course from her in the future. It may obviate considerable disappointment if our people are now made aware that she is not officially committed at present to anything.

The only ground of hope that remains, is that Great Britain may officially commit herself to liberal principles in an answer to Mr. Seward's letter. We hope the instinct of opposition, if nothing else, will lead her to deny Mr. Seward's famous five points in toto; and to assert, in contravention of his views, that the citizens, civil agents and ambassadors of a belligerent are not contraband, that dispatches also are not contraband, and that nothing, for that matter, is contraband, on a neutral vessel, sailing between two neutral ports!

That would be an appropriate and excellent last scene for this inconsistent Comedy of Errors. And we trust that John Bull—out of very bull-headedness—will plunge head foremost into it, and commit himself to a more liberal system of International Law than he has ever yet seemed willing to adopt.

THE AMERICAN WOLF and the ENGLISH LAMB.

To read the English papers up to a recent date, one might suppose that America was always endeavoring to pick a quarrel with somebody, while England never entered into a war except when absolutely forced into it. But consider a few facts.

For twenty years America bore the boarding of her vessels by British cruisers, and the seizing of her seamen, native born and naturalized. This thing went on, as we have said, for twenty years, and until 3,500 seamen, according to the British admission, and 8,000, according to evidence laid before the administration at Washington, had been forcibly carried from American decks. Not until we had protested again and again, and exhausted every peaceable means, did we, for this and other injuries, declare war.

Great Britain, however,—this peace-loving Great Britain, with long peace homilies for our edification scarcely cold on her lips—flies into a furious passion when two of our rebels are taken from one of her vessels, and menaces us with instant hostilities unless they are at once restored.

She has scarcely ceased blaming us for making war on our rebels—from whom we took insult after insult, spoliation after spoliation, only resorting to arms when Fort Sumter was actually attacked and captured! We were wrong, because, at last, we opposed war to war! She menaces war in answer to a mistaken interpretation of International Law, an interpretation sanctioned by her own decisions and precedents, and as the first instead of the last resort of her statesmen!

That England should remonstrate against the seizure of the rebel agents, is one thing. That she should hastily and selfishly embrace the opportunity to menace us in our hour of danger with war, is a very different thing. Let the nations, and all good men, judge between her and us.

WHERE IS THAT MOB?—We have been anxiously awaiting the rising of the American "mob" that Dr. Russell and the English editors said would annihilate the Government if it should resolve to deliver up Mason and Slidell.

What fools some of these Englishmen be. Here is Russell—he has been in the country now, we believe, about a *year*—and yet he does not *begin* to understand us. Why not give it up at once, Russell, and go home? Still, if you prefer to stay here, stay, and confine yourself strictly to facts. You love ale too well for a prophet—never was a prophet who drank anything stronger than water.

TAXATION.

We do not agree with those who are continually upbraiding Congress for neglecting its duties. The most important portion of the work of every session is done, where it only can be well done, in the regular Committees. They plan and put into fitting shape those financial and other measures which the wants of the country require. It often happens therefore that while Congress is apparently doing nothing, its committees are busily employed in maturing the needful measures to bring before the two Houses.

It is apparent now suddenly to every one, that taxation is absolutely necessary to maintain the credit of the nation. What is wanted is the raising of a sufficient sum in addition to that needed for the regular demands of the Government, to pay the interest on such loans as may be required, and, if possible, allow for the formation of a sinking fund. With the passage of a bill providing for taxation to this extent, the credit of the Government would immediately improve.

It requires a little time, however, to prepare such a scheme of taxation. Taxes, at the best, are not pleasant, and care should be taken to make them fall heaviest on the backs best able to bear them. Revenue taxes are expedient, partly because they lighten the burden by dividing it into frequent small payments, and partly for other reasons. So far, therefore, as the war taxes can be levied in this way, and especially on articles of luxury, and on articles whose use it is wise to restrict, it should be done.

Taxation, however, at the best, is grievous. But a little weight of this kind may aid in impressing upon our people a deeper conviction of the wickedness of the rebellion. Perhaps we shall see a stronger determination displayed to lay the axe at the very root of the corrupt tree, when the fruit of that tree is found to be growing with every passing month still more bitter. To the many thousands who now find it very difficult to "get along"—as the expressive phrase goes—the idea of additional taxation is by no means a pleasant one. But let us remember that it is because "the fathers have eaten sour grapes," that "the childrens' teeth are set on edge." Had we always been true to our own principles, the "stone of stumbling and rock of offence" would not have been found amongst us, and we should be at this day a happy and united people.

THE TUG OF WAR.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the "tug of war" is near at hand.

It has seemed evident to us for some time past, that the administration were but awaiting the completion of the preparations for the Burnside and the Mississippi expeditions, to order a general advance on the whole line, from Tybee Island on the South to Washington, and from thence to Cairo.

These expeditions are now completed. The Burnside expedition has sailed from Annapolis, as some suppose to combine with certain vessels of war now lying at Fortress Monroe. While the advance of the Mississippi expedition sailed from Cairo on the 10th, and landed about eight miles south of that place, on the Kentucky side of the river; preparing, as we infer, for a joint attack on Columbus by water and by land.

Judging from the Rebel statements, which have generally proved to be correct, the Burnside expedition will endeavor to force a passage up either the Rappahannock, the York, or the James river, or, else, attack Norfolk. If either of these suppositions be correct, the army of the Potomac will, almost undoubtedly, co-operate with it. At last the word "forward," so earnestly desired by our soldiers, will be spoken, and a chance given them to redeem the unfortunate affair at Manassas.

In the West, the movement forward will probably be by at least three columns, against Columbus, Memphis, and Nashville. A short time now probably will determine the strength of those fortifications at Columbus, of which we have heard so much lately.

If this general advance be ordered, it will test the strength of the rebel confederacy to the utmost. We trust, of course, it will demonstrate that the right cause is also the strong one. If we fail, it can only be by bad generalship. And action, whether successful at first, or otherwise, is absolutely necessary to enable us to decide who our able generals are. As soon as we are able to get the right men at the head of our columns—and we trust they are there now—we shall go forward to assured victory, and prick with the points of our Union bayonets the foul and grassy bubble of secession.

☞ The *London Times* already begins to complain of the sinking of the stone fleet in Charleston channel. But a Charleston correspondent of the *Richmond Whig* says:—

"The Yankees have taken a first and most important step toward making Charleston what it never was before, an excellent harbor and an impregnable city."

Besides, the Charlestonians themselves sank "five schooners in the channel" before the assault on Sumter. The Georgians also have recently been blocking up with old hulks the channels by which Savannah is approached.

Our defence therefore is twofold:—First, the Rebels have done and are doing the same thing. Secondly, we are *improving* Charleston harbor, rendering it "excellent" and "impregnable."

THE Montreal Advertiser, alluding to Mr. Seward's "joke" with the Duke of Newcastle, is very charitable. That paper, which is in the service and pay of the rebels residing in Montreal, says:

"We are willing to make every allowance for Mr. Seward's low birth, his defective education, his intemperate habits, and his degrading associations."

"Degrading associations"—see, he dined with the Duke of Newcastle, and the Prince of Wales, did he not? While in England, we remember, he visited quite a number of the nobility. Mr. Seward must be more guarded in his associations in future.

THE MORGAN PLUNDER.

We are glad to see that the Senate has asked the Secretary of the Navy for an explanation of the Morgan plunder. Just think of the patriotism of a man—said to be already wealthy—who, at a time like this, can levy upon his suffering country commissions to the extent of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, for about a half-year's services in buying vessels!

The Secretary of the Navy is, we suppose, an honest man—but Mr. Morgan is his brother-in-law, and this gives the affair an additionally ugly look.

The Senate, in considering the bill for the construction of twenty mail-clad steam gunboats, naturally hesitates at putting the business into the hands of the Secretary of the Navy.

We have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Welles cannot clear himself in this respect, he should immediately resign his position.—The country and the cause cannot afford to have men who are even suspected, in its highest departments. And what we say of Mr. Welles we say of Mr. Cameron—and every other Cabinet officer. Let the administration clear itself of the taint of corruption at any and every sacrifice.

GOOD.

We are glad to see it stated that, at the instance of the Congressional Investigating Committee, the Secretary of the Treasury has agreed to stop the payment on all contracts or bargains of any Quartermaster, where the Committee find that an exorbitant price has been agreed upon, or that more than the ordinary price has been paid.

It will not do to stop at trifles in dealing with these peculating scoundrels. Stop their pay, and let them get their money as they best can. Hanging is too good for the man who would plunder his country at a time like this. Better a rebel in open warfare, than a secret enemy like such a thieving wretch. Their mother is in trouble, and they take advantage of her trouble to pilfer the money out of her pocket.

ONE BRIGHT SPOT.—Amid all the bluster of the British press, John Bright, the Quaker statesman, still raises his voice in behalf of our institutions and our cause. He is one of the few noble Englishmen who take a comprehensive view of our struggle, and his name should be honored in America.

One of "the few"—no, let us be just, one of the many. There is the "Society of Friends," for instance, as a whole. And there are the Dissenting sects generally, who have nobly raised their voices against the clamor for war—and suggested arbitration as a last resort, if other peaceful means of settling the dispute should fail. Honor to these just and noble English hearts! Let us not foolishly confound all Englishmen in a common condemnation.

——And mark one thing. Note how the calm and clear-sighted representatives of the English Society of Friends, see the American difficulty exactly as it is. Their just appreciation of our cause, as well as that displayed by Messrs. Bright, Cobden, Rev. Newman Hall, and others, proves that there is no difficulty whatever in understanding it at the distance of three thousand miles, save that difficulty which arises from allowing the judgment to be clouded by the mists of selfish pecuniary interests and national rivalries.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL SIGEL.—We trust that the report of the resignation of General Sigel is without foundation. Sigel has shown himself to be one of our best and most enterprising Generals, and has the confidence of the German troops and citizens. If he cannot get along well with his superiors in Missouri, cannot the Government transfer him to a new field of action?

"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE WAR," is the subject of a lecture which will be delivered by Park Benjamin, at Concert Hall, on Monday, the 20th inst.

☞ A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

☞ In a church in Scotland, the singers were executing a fugue, and the hearers were astonished at the following entomological lesson:—

"And we'll catch the flee,
And we'll catch the flee,
And we'll catch the flee-ting hour."

☞ By the year two thousand (says one of our exchanges) it is probable that manual labor will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective "hard-fisted" will have gone forever. They have now in New Hampshire, a potato digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling "Hail Columbia!" with his hands in his pockets.

☞ It is said by a correspondent of a western paper, that Bishop Gen. Polk, since he has gone to camp, swears as terribly as the armies did in Flanders.

☞ "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood up before him.

"Wall, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hunt, and take this gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I was not conscriptiously certain and determined to have her? Drive on with your bizinces."

☞ Who was Scipio's wife? Mississippi-o, of course. The author of the foregoing has fled in disguise to the rebel lines to escape condign punishment.

☞ QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—Lord Palmerston being forty years past his prime, can he properly be called a prime minister.

☞ What the Queen of Spain wants to introduce into Mexico. The Isabella grape.

THE AMERICAN VIEW OF THE LAW OF NATIONS.

Senator Sumner, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations in the Senate, in a recent speech, produced the following evidence to show what the American view of the Law of Nations in respect to the rights of neutrals, always has been. The record may be considered conclusive. He said:—

On this question British policy may change with circumstances, and British precedents may be uncertain, but the original American policy is unchangeable, and the American precedents which illustrate it are solemn treaties. The words of Vattel and the judgments of Sir William Scott were well known to the statesmen of the United States; and yet, in the face of these authorities, which have entered so largely into the debate, the American Government at an early day deliberately adopted a contrary policy, to which, for half a century, it has steadily adhered. It was plainly declared that only soldiers or officers could be stopped, thus positively excluding the idea of stopping ambassadors, emissaries of any kind, not in the military or naval service.

Mr. Madison, who more than any other person shaped our national policy on maritime rights, has stated it on this question.—In his remarkable dispatch to Mr. Monroe, at London, dated January 3, 1804, he says:—

"The article renounces the claim to take from the vessels of the neutral party, on the high seas, any person whatever not in the military service of an enemy, an exception which we admit to come within the law of nations, on the subject of contraband of war. With this exception, we consider a neutral flag on the high seas as a safeguard to those sailing under it."—State papers, volume 3, p. 83.

Then again, in the same dispatch, Mr. Madison says:—

"Great Britain, then, must produce an exception in the law of nations in favor of the right she contends for. In what written and received authority will she find it? In what usage, except her own, will it be found?"

* * * * * * * * *

"But nowhere will she find an exception to this freedom of the seas and of neutral flags, which justifies the taking away of any person, not an enemy in military service, found on board a neutral vessel."—Ibid, p. 84.

And then, again, in the same dispatch, he says:—

"Whenever a belligerent claim against persons on board a neutral vessel is referred to in treaties, enemies in military service alone are excepted from the general immunity of persons in that situation; and this exception confirms the immunity of those who are not included in it."—Ibid., p. 84.

It was in pursuance of this principle, thus clearly announced and repeated, that Mr. Madison instructed Mr. Monroe to propose a convention between the United States and Great Britain, containing the following stipulation:—

"No person whatever shall, upon the high seas, and without the jurisdiction of either party, be demanded or taken out of any ship or vessel belonging to citizens or subjects of one of the parties, by the public or private armed ships belonging to or in the service of the other, unless such person be at the time in the military service of an enemy of such other party."—Ibid., p. 83.

Mr. Monroe pressed this stipulation most earnestly upon the British Government; but though treated courteously, he could get no satisfaction with regard to it. Lord Harrowby, the Foreign Secretary, in one of his conversations, "expressed a concern to find the United States opposed to Great Britain on certain great neutral questions in favor of the doctrines of the modern law, which he termed novelties." (State papers, vol. 3, p. 99.) And Lord Mulgrave, who succeeded this accomplished nobleman, persevered in the same dissent. Mr. Monroe writes, under date of 18th October, 1805:—

"On a review of the conduct of this Government towards the United States, I am inclined to think that the delay which has been so studiously sought is part of a system, and that it is intended, as circumstances favor, to subject our commerce at present and hereafter to every restraint in their power."—State Papers, vol. 3, p. 107.

Afterwards Mr. Monroe was joined by Mr. Pinkney in the mission to London, and the two united in presenting this same proposition again to the British Government. (State Papers, vol. 3, p. 187.) It was rejected, although the ministry of Mr. Fox, who was then in power, seems to have afforded at one time the expectation of an agreement.

While these distinguished plenipotentiaries were pressing this principle at London, Mr. Madison was maintaining it at home. In an unpublished communication to Mr. Merry, the British Minister at Washington, bearing date 9th April, 1805, which I extract from the files of the State Department, he declared—

"The United States cannot accede to the claim of any nation to take from their vessels on the high seas any description of persons, except soldiers in the actual service of the enemy."

In a reply, bearing date 12th April, 1805, this principle was positively repudiated by the British Minister, so that the two Governments were ranged unequivocally on opposite sides.

The treaties of the United States with foreign nations are in harmony with this principle so energetically proposed and upheld by Mr. Madison. In the treaty of commerce with France in 1778, it is expressly provided that—

"Enemies to both or either party are not to be taken out of the said ships, unless they are soldiers and in actual service of the enemies."—Statutes at Large, vol. 8, p. 26.

In the treaty with the Netherlands, in 1782, the exception is confined to "military men actually in the service of an enemy." (Ibid., p. 38;) and this same exception will also be found in the treaty with Sweden, in 1782, (Ibid., p. 64;) with Prussia, in 1785, (Ibid., p. 90;) with Spain, in 1795, (Ibid., p. 140;) with France, in 1800, (Ibid., p. 184;) with Columbia, in 1824, (Ibid., p. 312;) with Central America, in 1825, (Ibid., p. 328;) with Brazil, in 1828, (Ibid., p. 393;) with Mexico, in 1831, (Ibid., 416;) with Chili, in 1832, (Ibid., p. 436;) with Venezuela, in 1836, (Ibid., p. 472;) with Peru-Bolivia, in 1838, (Ibid., p. 490;) with Ecuador, in 1839, (Ibid., p. 549;) with New Granada, in 1846, (Statutes, vol. 9, p. 888,) with Guatemala, in 1849, (Statutes, vol. 10, p. 880,;) with San Salvador in 1850, (Ibid., p. 894;) and in the treaty with Peru, in 1851, (Ibid., p. 930.) Such is the unbroken testimony, in the most solemn form, to the policy of our Government. In some of the treaties the exception is simply "soldiers," in others it is "officers or soldiers." It is true that among these treaties there is none with Great Britain; but it is also true that this is simply because this Power refused its assent when this principle was presented by our Government as an undoubted part of international law which it desired to confirm by treaty.

Clearly and beyond all question, according to American principles and practice, the ship was not liable to capture on account of the presence of emissaries, "not soldiers or officers;" nor could such emissaries be legally taken from the ship. But the completeness of this authority is increased by the concurring testimony of the continent of Europe. Since the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the policy of the continental states has refused to sanction the removal of enemies from a neutral ship, unless military men in actual service. And now, since this debate has commenced, we have the positive testimony of the French Government to the same principle, given with special reference to the present case. M. Thouvenel, the Minister of the Emperor for Foreign Affairs, in a recent letter to Mr. Seward, published with the papers now before the Senate, earnestly insists that the rebel emissaries, not being military persons in the actual service of the enemy, were not subject to seizure on board a neutral ship. I leave this part of the subject with the remark that it is Great Britain alone whose position on this question can be brought into doubt.

But still another question occurs. Beyond all question there were "dispatches" from the rebel belligerents on board the ship—such "dispatches" as rebels can *write*. Public report, the statement of persons on board the ship, and the boastful declaration of Jefferson Davis in a public document, that these emissaries were proceeding under an appointment from him—which appointment would be a "dispatch" of the highest character—seem to place this fact beyond denial. Assuming this fact, the ship was liable to capture and to be carried off for adjudication, according to British authorities—unless the positive judgment of Sir William Scott in the case of the Atalanta, (6 Robinson R., p. 440,) and also the Queen's proclamation at the commencement of this rebellion, where "dispatches" are enumerated among contraband articles, are treated as nullities, or so far modified in their application as to be words, and nothing more. But however binding and peremptory these authorities may be in Great Britain, they cannot be accepted to reverse the standing policy of the United States, which here again leaves no room for doubt. In order to give precision to the rights which it claimed and at the same time accorded on the ocean, our Government has sought to explain in treaties what it meant by contraband. As early as 1795, in the treaty with Spain, after specifying contraband articles, without including dispatches, it is declared that

"Free goods are all other merchandise and things which are not comprehended and particular mentioned in the foregoing enumeration of contraband goods."—Statutes at Large, vol. 8, p. 148.

In other treaties, subsequent to the judgment of Sir William Scott, recognizing dispatches as contraband, and therefore practically discarding it, after enumerating contraband articles, without specifying "dispatches," the following provision is introduced:—

"All other merchandizes and things not comprehended in the articles of contraband explicitly enumerated and classified as above, shall be held and considered as free."—Ibid, p. 312; Treaty with Columbia and later treaties passim.

Thus we have not only positive words of enumeration, without mentioning dispatches, but also positive words of exclusion, so that dispatches cannot be considered as contraband. These treaties constitute the conclusive record of our Government on this question. And here let me remark, that while decisions of British Admiralty Courts on all these matters are freely cited, no decisions of our Supreme Court are cited. Of course, if any existed, they would be of the highest value, but there are none, and the reason is obvious. These matters could not arise before our Supreme Court, because under our Government they are so clearly settled by treaties and diplomacy as to be beyond question.

Clearly, then, and beyond all question, according to American principles and practice, the ship was not liable to capture on account of dispatches on board. And here again we have the *concurring* testimony of Continental Europe, and especially of the French Government, in the recent letter of M. Thouvenel.

Of course, this whole discussion proceeds on the assumption that the rebels are to be regarded as belligerents, which is the character already accorded to them by Great Britain. If they are not regarded as belligerents, then the proceeding of Captain Wilkes is indubitably illegal and void. To a political offender, however deep his guilt—though burdened with the undying execrations of all honest men, and bending beneath the consciousness of the ruin which he has brought upon his country—the asylum of a foreign jurisdiction is sacred, whether on shore or on sea; and it is among the proudest boasts of England, at least in recent days, that the exiles of defeated democracies, as well as of defeated dynasties, have found a sure protection beneath her meteor flag. And yet this Power has not always accorded to other flags what she claimed for her own. One of the objections diplomatically presented by Great Britain at the beginning of the present century to any renunciation of the pretension of impressment on board American vessels, was "that facility would be given, particularly in the British Channel, by the immunity claimed by American vessels *to the escape of traitors*," (State Papers, vol. 3, p. 86,) thus assuming that traitors—the companions of Robert Emmett, in Ireland, or the companions of Horne Tooke, in England—might to be arrested on board a neutral ship, but that the arrest could be accomplished only through the pretension of impressment. But this flagrant instance cannot be a precedent for the United States, which has always maintained the right of asylum as firmly as it has rejected the pretension of impressment.

If I am correct in this review, then the conclusion is inevitable. The seizure of the rebel emissaries on board a neutral ship cannot be justified according to our best American precedents and practice. There seems to be no single point where the seizure is not questionable, unless we choose to invoke British precedents and practice, which, beyond doubt, led Captain Wilkes into the mistake which he committed. In the solitude of his ship he consulted familiar authorities at hand, and felt that in following Vattel and Sir William Scott as quoted and affirmed by eminent writers, reinforced by the inveterate practice of the British navy, he could not err. He was mistaken. There was a better example; it was the constant, uniform, unhesitating practice of his own country on the ocean, refusing to consider dispatches as contraband of war; refusing to consider persons other than soldiers or officers as contraband of war; and protesting always against an adjudication of personal rights by the summary judgment of a quarter-deck. Had these well-attested precedents been in his mind, the gallant Captain would not, even for a moment, have been seduced from his allegiance to these principles which constitute a part of our country's glory.

☞ Rev. Mr. Biggins said:—"I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me an old sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on brother Mulberry's head."

☞ The world is a large quagmire; we can keep ourselves from sinking only by jumping nimbly from bog to bog.

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY.

The report of the Sanitary Commission, of which we have received a copy from Washington, is one of the most interesting documents connected with the present war. The number of regiments inspected by this Commission was two hundred, of which thirty-seven were recruited in New England, one hundred and one in the middle States, including Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and sixty-two from the Western states, including Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The time occupied in recruiting each of these regiments averaged six weeks, the shortest period being ten days and the longest three months. In seventy-six and a half per cent. of the regiments inspected native Americans were found to constitute the majority; in six and a half per cent., the Germans were in a majority; in five and a half per cent. the Irish, and in five and a half per cent. the number of native born and foreign born was about equal. In fact the report states emphatically that two-thirds of the army are American born, and nine tenths citizens educated under the laws of the Union and in the English language.

This, therefore, is strictly a national army, and chiefly composed of our young men, the number of volunteers twenty years old being double the number at twenty-five, the average age being a little below twenty-five, and somewhat more than half being under twenty-three. The officers are older, the average age being about thirty four. Here we have a key to the manner in which this great force has been raised so suddenly. Enterprising persons of middle age and ambitious views rushed into the recruiting service, and the well-known energy and shrewdness of American business men enabled them to muster promptly all the difficulties of the moment, while the ardor of the young created a general war fever, stimulated by the extraordinary spectacle of enlistments and drilling everywhere. The eagerness to get men, too, seems to have united with the desire of all classes to get into the army, to cause the service to be filled so loosely, in defiance of inspection laws, that a considerable loss has since been experienced in consequence.

It seems that in fifty-eight per cent. of these regiments there had been no pretence of a thorough inspection of recruits or enlistments, and in only nine per cent. had there been a thorough reinspection on being mustered into service. Of the whole number discharged from the service, fully fifty-three per cent. were on account of disabilities that existed at or before their enlistment, and which any intelligent surgeon ought to have discovered on their inspection as recruits. By this mismanagement alone the report estimates that a million of dollars has been wasted upon the enlistment, pay, clothing, rations, transportation and medicines of men who were of no use to the army, and who should have been excluded by the inspection.

The report, therefore, advises a thorough reinspection of the army, the discharge of all unfit men, and a vigorous enforcement of inspection in future enlistments. The Commission also recommend that the minimum age of eighteen be insisted upon invariably, and consequently all minors below it be refused. The report says that recruits properly rejected from the regular service have been allowed to enlist as volunteers, and been invalided after a few weeks or months' service. These statements are well calculated to awaken serious reflections and to show how much unfit material has been foisted upon the pay roll through the haste or negligence of volunteer officers, and especially by the looseness of the inspection.

The following extract from the report notices another cause of inefficiency and sickness, which, however, seems to be happily remedied.

"Until recently, the artificial drainage of camps, when *first* visited by the inspectors, has been found very imperfect—the men in each tent being left in most cases to form drains around it according to their own judgment. In consequence of their ignorance, unskillfulness or indolence, the drains have often been useless, and not unfrequently have aggravated the evil they were designed to remedy. As soon, however, as good examples became frequent, the practice of a systematic arrangement began to be generally adopted. The majority of volunteer camps are now at least as well drained as those of the regulars. The average depth of the camp drains is about six inches. In about one half the camps the drains were found more or less clogged, owing to their crookedness and imperfect construction, and to want of proper attention in keeping them clean."

This statement shows that the volunteers are ready enough to learn the military art when properly instructed. The trouble about the drainage seems to be like that about inspection; the volunteer officers are not rigid enough in their requirements.

As regards the tents, it appears that fifty-eight per cent. of the regiments had been provided with the wedge tent, ten per cent. with the wall tent, and nineteen per cent. with the Sibley tent. Ninety per cent. of these were made of good canvas, and the remainder were of twilled cotton or drilling, or so old as to be leaky. The wedge tent accommodates six men, and the Sibley tent from twelve to sixteen, and sometimes twenty. On the subject of ventilation, the report says that none of the wedge tents were properly ventilated, and it was obvious in some cases that the men suffered in health in consequence. The Sibley tent is more easy to ventilate, and cannot as well be closed tightly. Typhus fever occurs more frequently among the regiments occupying the wedge tents than those that have the Sibley, the proportion being 39.5 to 28. In consequence of these developments, the Commission recommended the striking of the tents once a week for ventilation, and the practice is being of late quite generally adopted.

Twenty four per cent. of the regiments were provided with tent flooring of boards, twenty per cent. with India rubber cloth; in twenty per cent. straw or branches of trees were used for the purpose, and in thirty-five per cent. the men slept on the ground. The report states that the most sickness was found in the regiments sleeping on the bare ground; but it appears that the largest proportion of typhoid cases occur in regiments sleeping on India rubber blankets, the least with those on straw or boughs; the largest proportion of catarrhal cases with regiments on wooden floors, the least with those on the ground; the largest of rheumatic with those on wood, the smallest with those on straw or boughs; the largest of malarial with those on the ground, the least with those on straw or boughs. It has, in fact, been proved to the satisfaction of the Commission, that the best bed for soldiers in camp consists of fir or cedar branches; but it must be frequently renewed and aired, the tents struck, and the floors cleansed. Experienced officers generally object to board floors, which are more damp than the ground itself, besides collecting so much dirt.—*North American.*

☞ The Paris *Patrie* states that fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed in New York to present a testimonial to the captain, officers, and crew of the San Jacinto. The captain is to have a sword of honor, the officers revolvers, and every man a tomahawk!

THE TWO MESSENGERS.

[The last number of the London Punch contains a picture of Columbia, sitting, with her two birds, the Eagle and the Dove, one labelled "War," on her wrist, and the other "Peace," and clasped to her breast. There is a perplexed expression on her countenance. The following lines, which, as well as the engraving, are in better taste than usual for *Punch*, accompany the picture:—]

COLUMBIA.

I have a message must cross the sea,
But I doubt what message it shall be:
And be it Peace, or be it War,
A fitting post I would choose therefor.
So say, you bonny birds of mine,
Around which neck shall I tie the twine.

THE EAGLE.

Round mine, round mine, my mistress sweet,
My wings are broad and my flight is fleet:
And I have a beak to rend the prey,
And talons for all my course would stay:
And I can swoop over land and sea—
Then "War," and your message send by me!

THE DOVE.

Round mine, oh, mistress sweet, round mine:
I'm swift as arrow, and true as line:
Nor talons sharp, nor beak have I,
But a soft sweet voice, and a pleading eye:
And none will harm me, on land or sea—
Then "Peace," and send your message by me.

THE EAGLE.

The Lion stands in act to spring,
Her glove Britannia lifts to fling;
A haughty claim asks haught reply,
He half has conquered who dares defy:
With the Lion the Eagle should parley hold—
Then give me the message, brief and bold.

THE DOVE.

The dugs of the Lioness suckled thee,
When first thou camest over sea.
Better, I ween, than Britannia's glove,
Is the hand of Britannia, clasped in love.
'Twixt Dove and Lion calm speech may be—
Then the message of Peace send thou by me.

THE EAGLE.

Thou hast boasted and blustered and talked of fight,
Hast set a bold face in lion of right:
If breath thou bate, or back thou draw,
Or instead of battle offer law,
Oh, scornful the Lion's laugh will be—
Then the message of *War* send thou by me!

THE DOVE.

If thou hast boasted, boast no more:
If war thou hast challenged, repent it sore:
The devil's wickedest whisper to man
Is, "Let wrong end, since wrong began."
Oh, glad the Lion's great heart will be,
If a message of Peace thou send by me.

And still in doubt doth Columbia stand,
A bird and an answer on either hand:
For War,—the Eagle with eyes a glow;
For Peace,—the Dove, with her plumes of snow.
But Peace or War should the message be,
Twill find them ready across the sea.

CONGRESS.

Among the resolutions offered in the House last week, was the following, by Mr. Lovejoy:—

Mr. Lovejoy presented a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the consideration of the House, empowering the generals in command who may take possession of any inhabitable portion of the rebel states, to appoint commissioners of sequestration, whose duty it shall be first to take possession, for the use of the United States, of all property, real and personal, found without owners; second, to convert all such personal property into money, to be paid into the Treasury; third, to sell at auction all homesteads sequestrated; fourth, to give homesteads, not exceeding 150 acres, to such settlers as shall occupy the same for three years; fifth, the remainder of the lands to be surveyed and disposed of as other such property of the United States.

On the 10th, the Speaker laid before the House a letter from the Secretary of War, in which he says "he has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the resolution adopted on the 6th inst., to the effect that the answer of the Department to the resolution of inquiry passed on the second day of the session, is not responsive and satisfactory to the House, and requesting a further answer.

"The Secretary has now, respectfully, to state that measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the disastrous movement at Ball's Bluff; but it is not deemed compatible with the public interests to make known these measures at the present time."

On motion of Mr. Washburne (Ill.), the communication was referred to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War.

That Committee has already had General Patterson, General Fremont, and other officers before it, investigating Bull's Run, affairs in Missouri, &c. Gen. Fremont defended his policy and course at length.

In the Senate, Senator Polk, of Missouri, was expelled—yeas 36, nays none.

The credentials of Stark, lately appointed Senator from Oregon, were referred to the Judiciary Committee. He is accused by letters from Oregon of not being loyal. The vote on Mr. Fessenden's motion to send the credentials to the Judiciary Committee was as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Collamer, Cowan, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howe, Johnson, King, Lane (Ind.) Lane (Kansas), Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—28.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Bright, Carlisle, Kennedy, Latham, Nesmith, Pearce, Powell, Rice, Saulsbury, and Thomson—11.

MISSOURI.—At the last advices, Price was at Springfield, with, it is reported, 20,000 men and forty-six pieces of cannon. He had just received six pieces of cannon from Arkansas. McCulloch was with Price, in command of a body of Arkansas troops. Price expected an immediate attack, and had called upon the Secession Home Guards in the surrounding country to come to his aid.

INFORMATION has been received at Forrest Monroe, from New Orleans, that Mr. James F. Otis, one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, had been placed under arrest for uttering seditious language. The *Picayune* opposed secession as long as it dared.

THE MISSISIPI EXPEDITION.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser we glean the following particulars of this long-talked-of expedition down the Mississippi river. The most extensive preparations have been made for this expedition, which has been planned by the most skillful military and naval authorities in the Western Department.

Next to the overpowering numbers of the expedition is the formidable character of the floating batteries, which will form a component part of it. These have been prepared with great care, and consist of boats of the most substantial construction. The total number of boats is seventy-eight, of which twelve are gun-boats, thirty-eight mortar-boats, and twenty-eight are tugs and steamboats. The gunboats are as follows:—

	Guns.		Guns.
Benton	18	Pittsburg	15
Essex	15	Cincinnati	15
St. Louis	15	Louisville	15
Carondelet	15	Conestoga	15
Mound City	15	Lexington	15
Cairo	15	Tyler	15

Seven of these boats cost eighty-nine thousand dollars each to build. They are one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, fifty-one feet six inches in breadth, and draw five feet when loaded.

The bows and bow bulwarks consist of about three feet of oak timber, bolted together and sheathed with the best quality of wrought iron plates two and a half inches thick. The sides have the same sheathing, with less bulk of timber. Each boat is pierced for thirteen guns, four on each side, four on the stern, and three at the bows. The bow-guns are eighty-four pounder rifled cannon; the others are eight inch Columbiads. The sides of the boats, both above and below the knee, incline at an angle of forty-five degrees, and nothing but a plunging shot from a high bluff could strike the surface at right angles. The boilers and machinery are situated as to be perfectly protected, and may be considered quite out of danger. The iron-plating has been severely tested by shots from rifled cannon at different distances, and has shown itself to be utterly impervious to any shots that have been sent against it, even at a range of three hundred yards.

The Benton is the flag-ship of the expedition. She is one hundred and eighty-six feet long on deck, and seventy-five feet wide at the beam. Her hold is eight and a half feet in depth, and with a heavy armament and crew on board, will draw about five feet. She has a double hull, with wheels working in the recess, near the stern. Her hull is of four-inch plank, and timbers eight by ten inches. The hull is divided by five four and aft bulkheads, and thirteen cross bulkheads, making forty-five water tight compartments. The deck frame-beams are ten inches square.

The main deck is planked with four and a half inch plank. The forward defence runs down to the two feet water line, and is of twenty-four inch timber, all sheathed with two and a half inch iron plating. The entire boat is sealed with three and four-inch oak plank, caulked and made perfectly tight. Casemates extend around the whole boat, and are made of twelve-inch timber. At the knuckle on the main deck the timber is from three to four feet in thickness, solid. The Benton is pierced for, and will carry eighteen heavy guns, which are from 32-pounders to 42-pounders calibre, some rifled and some smooth bore, and there are two 9-inch Dahlgren guns. The principal part of the armament is disposed in the forward part of the boat, there being two guns only at the stern.

The machinery, boilers, &c., are all under the deck. The cylinders are 20 inches in diameter with 7 feet stroke. There are four boilers, 24 feet long and 40 inches in diameter, double flued. The wheels are 20 feet in diameter, with 9½ feet bucket. The wheel-house is protected by timber from six to eight inches in thickness, and sheathed with heavy iron. The pilot-house is protected by 12-inch oak timber, placed at an angle of about thirty degrees with the upper deck, is conical in shape, and of very ingenious construction.

There are two magazines, one on each side, just forward of the wheels. They are each capable of carrying one hundred rounds of ammunition for every gun, and afford ample room for the necessary evolutions within them. The magazines can be flooded with water in a moment from the main deck, and are furnished and arranged in true naval style.

The mortar boats are built of heavy timbers, the sides of boiler iron, loop-holed for musketry, and are so arranged that they can be used for bridges. They will each carry one 13-inch mortar. The mortar boats will be towed into position by tugs.

With this formidable armament, and a force of 75,000 thousand men, the onward march must be comparatively resistless. The progress of the flotilla will probably be by the Mississippi to Columbus and Memphis; by the Tennessee to the mouth of the Sandy river, and by the Cumberland river to Nashville.—Within a few days we shall make history very fast.

LIFE.

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie—
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh!
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we came.—*Holmes.*

☞ Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and their memory a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.
—*Bryant.*

☞ The climate is our terrible enemy at Port Royal. Of General Sherman's 15,000 men, in one month 5,000 had been on the sick list.

☞ A captain, lately a railroad conductor, was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank, turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again towards his squad, he saw they were in the act of "butting up" against a fence. In his hurry to halt them he shouted out—"Down brakes! Down brakes!"

☞ The editor of a Down East paper talks about his frame of mind. A contemporary suggests that he may have the frame of one, but that's all.

☞ John Bull's Hymn; Tune, Trent;—

How doth the burly, blustering Bull,
Improve the present hour,
And try to bully Jonathan,
By all means in his power!

☞ PEACHES IN MINNESOTA.—The Minnesota Farmer and Gardener says:—The peaches grown about St. Paul are all protected in the winter by *training the branches near the ground and covering them in the fall.*

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Secretary of State, it is reported, has decided to issue no more passes to ladies. It has been ascertained that in nearly every instance where these favors have been granted to women, letters and other documents have been concealed in their clothes, conveying important information to the rebels.

TWO Russian officers in Warsaw, Count Lambert and Gen. Gerstenzweig, got into a quarrel, and could only settle it by a duel; but as a duel at that time between two high personages presented great inconveniences, the belligerents decided that one of the two should kill himself the same evening, and that lots should be drawn to decide who it should be. The lot fell on Gen. Gerstenzweig, who accordingly shot himself through the head as per agreement.

A YOUNG man named Johnson, an engineer at Chicago, went to his room on Christmas evening to put on his wedding garments, and found that some thief had stolen his wedding coat. There was no time to get another, and the plucky fellow was married in his shirt sleeves, the only objection to which costume is, it is not the fashion.

REV. DR. BETHUNE, who is now in Europe, has been invited by the American and Foreign Christian Union to take charge of the American chapel in the city of Rome.

PAUL MORPHY, the chess player, is on the eve of joining the staff of Gen. Joe Johnston, of the rebel army. He was at the latest date in Richmond practising law.

THE recent Union Convention in Connecticut, in one of the resolutions, denounce a "conditional Union man" as an unconditional traitor.

NOBODY will come forward to take the office of Collector of the Rebel War Tax in the Norfolk District, Virginia, and H. F. Garnett, the Chief Collector of the Confederate War Tax for Virginia, in a formal advertisement, threatens to appoint some one from outside of the district to perform that duty, which, in this proclamation, he admits to be odious to the people there.

THERE have been several fires in Charleston, S. C., within the past few days.

THE NEW REBEL WAR FLAG.—The new flag gotten up in the rebel army on the Potomac is the St. Andrew's cross—that is, a cross in the form of an X. The flag is nearly square, of deep red, the cross of blue, reaching from corner to corner, and surrounded with stars.

A DESPATCH dated Memphis, Jan. 2, says that Gen. Pillow has resigned his command at Columbus, and gone home.

SUPPLIES FOR THE ARMY.—An agent of the War Department who had been sent to the West, to ascertain what the supplies of provisions are, has returned, and reports that already more cattle and hogs have been cut up and packed than have ever been packed before in an entire season. Prices are low, and there will be numerous bidders from the West for the contract for supplying not less than four thousand, with the privilege of calling for ten thousand head of beef cattle, which are to be delivered either at Harrisburg, Chambersburg or York, Pennsylvania. The bids are to be opened on the 10th inst.

FORT KNOX, Maine, now presents quite a formidable appearance. Sixty-five guns of the largest calibre can now be mounted.—Two furnaces for heating shot have been completed. A considerable number of men are now employed hammering stone to be laid next season.

DEATH FROM EATING CONFECTIONERY.—A little daughter of C. Cleminshaw, of Troy, ate a quantity of painted confectionery, on Christmas day, which produced illness that terminated fatally last Friday night.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.—United States war vessels are refused permission to coal at Nassau, while rebel privateers do so at their pleasure.

GEN. SIGEL.—Gen. Sigel's resignation was dated on the 31st, and the Post (German) of this city, says that some twenty or thirty officers in command at Rolla have likewise tendered their resignations. Major Hassendenbel is understood to be of the number.—*St. Louis Republican, 6th inst.*

GEN. BUTLER'S reinforcement at Boston, has been countermanded, and the troops disembarked.

THE Galveston (Texas) News of the 26th says:—"A vessel, laden with 30,000 stand of arms, has been captured by the blockading fleet."

THERE is great excitement at Carbonear, Newfoundland, owing to disputes between Catholics and Protestants. The military have been called out.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.—CAIRO, Jan. 10.—The advance of the Expedition composed of McClernand's brigade, landed eight miles down the Mississippi, at the mouth of Mayfield Creek, on the Kentucky side, where they pitched their tents for the night. General Grant and staff went down during the afternoon and returned in the evening. The remainder of the force will move in the morning.

THE soldiers at Hatteras are conducting an adult school for the instruction of the negroes. It is under charge of Patrick Kelly, of Company C, U. S. Artillery, a man deeply interested in the scheme, and in every way qualified for his difficult post.

THE British steamship Rinaldo, with Mason, Slidell, &c., on board, had not reached Halifax at the latest dates. The great storm commenced two hours after her departure from Provincetown.

A VERY RELIGIOUS COLONEL.—One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the colonel. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?" "Well, I don't know," replied the colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the ——— Regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of His servants, and ten men have been already baptized"—(Tain was a rival regiment.) "Is that so, 'pon honor?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir." "Sergeant," said the colonel, to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone in any respect." The chaplain took notes of the interview, and withdrew.

MAURY APPRECIATED.—Lieut. Maury, the rebel, who has been puffed as a man of "science," was not long since proposed as a candidate for the honor of being chosen a corresponding member of the French Institute. His claims were referred to a committee of eminent savans, who reported unanimously that the public reputation of Mr. Maury was the work of writers who knew nothing of the subjects they discussed. The last speculative opinion of Maury is that Pennsylvania will join the seceded states, and Philadelphia become the Southern emporium of commerce. As Pennsylvania has over one hundred thousand men in arms to maintain the Union, this opinion, like a great many others of the "scientific" lieutenant, has not much foundation in fact to rest upon.

☞ Blessed is he who dies in the flower of his youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a feast before he was intoxicated.

ANTI-ENGLISH SENTIMENT IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Herald, writing on the 20th ultimo, says:—

"The Liberals of the Journal des Debats and the Temps, the Radicals of the Opinion Nationale and the Siecle, and the Bonapartists of the Pays, have taken the Northern States under their patronage, and are beginning to preach more or less openly, a crusade against England, as the abettor and protectress of slavery. I yesterday forwarded to you extracts from the Opinion Nationale, from which it is clear that the sympathy of Prince Napoleon's organ for 'our black brothers' derives great intensity from its hatred of England. The Temps, to-night, with an affectation of sorrow unworthy the honorable and straightforward tone that paper has accustomed the public to, *contemplates the possibility of France having to take part against England, 'as under Louis XVI., in the American conflict.* The Temps fears that England, 'no longer kept in her place by the counterpoise of the United States, might prove *too powerful an ally for us.*' It is not surprising to find Mr. Cobden's recommendation to put up with insult and disgrace should be highly eulogized by the Temps. Should such humiliating counsels be followed, your cotemporary would probably think it conclusive proof that our alliance was not so powerful as to be dangerous."

FROM PORT ROYAL.—Advices from Port Royal say that Gen. Stevens still held his position on the main land, and was awaiting reinforcements. Gen. Stevens had visited Hilton Head, but returned next day to his post. Twelve vessels were awaiting at Port Royal for forage for their cargoes, and the new storehouses were to be immediately constructed. At Tybee our force had been increased 5,000 from Port Royal. Fort Pulaski continued to fire upon Tybee, and had killed one of our men. On the 5th, a skirmish took place on the main land between a part of Gen. Sherman's force and the rebels, in which the latter sustained a serious loss. We took seven prisoners. Reinforcements were daily arriving at Port Royal. Progress was being made in the collection of the cotton crop, and fresh supplies of negroes were continually arriving.

Commodore Dupont had sent a reinforcement of 3,500 men to Gen. Sherman, and active operations towards some point on the railroad between Charleston and Savannah, were to take place immediately. It is reported that Commodore Dupont severely censured General Sherman for his want of activity, and that more active operations may be expected in consequence of these remonstrances. Reinforcements were daily arriving from the North, and the troops were in good health and spirits, and eager for a fight.

TWO VICTORIES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Wheeling, Jan. 8.—A special despatch to the Intelligencer, from Cumberland, says that last night a detachment from Gen. Kelly, commanded by Col. Dunning, of the 5th Ohio, left Romney at 12 o'clock, last night, and at daylight this morning, attacked the rebels at Blue Gap, east of Romney, completely routing them, with a loss of 15 killed, two pieces of cannon, with their wagons, tents, &c., with 20 prisoners, including one commissioned officer. Our loss was none.

It is rumored here, this afternoon, that the rebels are in full retreat from Hancock.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 8.—A special despatch to the Gazette from Huntsville says that Gen. Milroy is still moving. An expedition sent out by him, of 300 of the 32d Ohio, under Captain Lacy, into Tucker county, dispersed 400 rebels, capturing a commissary and a large amount of his stores, besides a first lieutenant and one private. Four rebels were found dead on the ground and a large number of wounded. Our detachment is still in hot pursuit of the fugitives.

REBEL LOSSES.—The following places have been captured from the rebels since the 7th of November:—

Forts Walker and Beauregard, Port Royal, taken in naval action November 7.

Battery at Braddock's Point, Hilton Head Island, seized by the army November 8.

Battery at Tybee Island, seized by the navy November 24.

Fort at Otter Island, St. Helena Sound, seized by the navy November 26.

Fort at Sam's Point, Coosaw river, seized by the navy November 25.

Fort at Fenwick Island, Ashepoo river, seized by the navy November 26.

Battery at Great Wassaw Island, Wassaw Sound, seized by the navy December 5.

Rebel fort at "Red House," Wilmington river, reconnoitred December 5.

Beaufort and Port Royal Islands, occupied by Gen. Stevens' Brigade, United States army, December 7.

Ossabow Sound entered, and rebel fort on Vernon river reconnoitred by the navy December 11.

☞ Because poets have been called the irritable race, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

☞ THE REPORT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS.—Mere Bragg-adocio.

☞ Prince Napoleon is the only distinguished man in Europe who has publicly and warmly espoused the cause of the United States. He is next heir to the throne of France, after the Prince Imperial: and if our people ever have an opportunity to do him a good turn, they will not be likely to forget it.

☞ What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In juries.

☞ Of $40,000,000 paid by the Navy Department for the purchase of vessels, the commissions allowed have not been less than 2½ per cent, or a total of $150,000. Welles, is that well?

☞ A butcher at Grand Rapids, Michigan, invited the family of every volunteer from that place to call at his stall on Christmas morning and get a roasting piece.

☞ From the English papers we learn that Miss Martineau has assailed John Bright for his American sympathies, in a letter shrewish and weak.

☞ NAPOLEON IN DISTRESS.—"Tell your contemptible General," said an old woman in a village through which passed the army of Napoleon, to one of his corporals, "tell him that I have a very despicable opinion of him." "I will," said the corporal, "if you insist upon it, madam—but you can't think how it will distress him!"

☞ Seize opportunity by the forelock, if you can; if you fail, grab him by the nape of the neck.

☞ LIFE.—Life is a continual struggle after what we cannot take with us, riches; which seem given to us as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell from the mantelpiece, to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands, and is replaced, to please other babies in their turn.

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM CAIRO.

CAIRO, Jan. 11.—This morning, three rebel boats from Columbus attacked our gunboats, the Essex, Capt. Porter, and St. Louis, lying off Fort Jefferson. A brisk engagement ensued for a short time, when the rebels retreated.

Our boats pursued them until they reached the batteries at Columbus.

It is believed that one of the rebel boats was disabled.

Several deserters from the enemy's camp at Columbus reached here this morning. They report that great alarm prevailed among the rebel troops in apprehension of an attack by the Federal forces.

No movement has been made by our troops here since yesterday.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY IN EASTERN KENTUCKY.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 11.—The Gazette says:—"On Monday last Col. Garfield's forces, including the 42d Ohio, 10th Kentucky and 1,800 cavalry, had proceeded up the Big Sandy to Painsville, within seven miles of the rebel encampment, when they were met by a flag of truce bearing a message from Humphrey Marshall asking if matters could not be arranged without a fight.

"Col. Garfield immediately replied that he could offer no arrangements except either to fight or to surrender unconditionally.

"Marshall then addressed his men, informing them that they had no alternative except to surrender or disband, and giving them their choice, they immediately collected and set fire to all their wagons, tents, camp equipage, supplies, &c., and then each man was permitted to take care of himself, the whole force scattering in confusion. No attempt was made to save anything except their cannon, which were hauled off.

"Col. Garfield dispatched his cavalry in pursuit."

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 11.—The Democrat of this city received advices this evening which corroborate the dispatch received from Cincinnati of the disbanding of Humphrey Marshall's forces near Painesville.

LATER FROM PORT ROYAL.

The steamship Ocean Queen, Seabury, from Port Royal Bar, January 8, arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon.

Nothing of importance was known to have transpired in the vicinity of Hilton Head since the attack on Port Royal Ferry on the 1st inst.

A heavy firing was heard at Hilton Head, from the direction of Tybee Island, supposed to be from a large naval force stationed at Tybee.

Ships connected with the stone fleet continue to arrive at Port Royal.

The Ocean Queen has a large quantity of cotton on freight.

PORTLAND, Jan. 11.—The steamer Hibernian, with British troops, will come here first to land the mails and passengers, and then go to St. John. Secretary Seward has telegraphed permission to land her troops to be conveyed to Canada or elsewhere.

GREAT preparations are making at Norfolk in anticipation of an attack by General Burnside's expedition. The Norfolk Day Book states that a U. S fleet of twenty gunboats has entered Pamlico sound and commenced operations.

THE new steamer Pensacola ran down the Potomac, on Saturday night, passing the rebel batteries without being hit once. She had twenty-two shots fired at her. A brig loaded with pressed hay, which was well rocked in water, and then wrapped up in canvas, making an impenetrable bulwark to keep between the Virginia shore and the Pensacola, was tightly lashed to her side and next her engines.

☞ In narrating the circumstances of a recent suicide in Connecticut, the papers say that besides being deaf, dumb and an old bachelor, the unfortunate man had exhibited evidences of insanity.

☞ SUGAR OF LEAD.—A sweet, pretty girl without brains.

☞ A TEXT UNCLE SAM EXPECTS SOON TO PREACH FROM.—Psalm 40, verse 7:—"Manassas is mine."

☞ It is reported that more than 60,000 persons have left St. Louis within a year, and business is at a dead stand.

☞ Great Britain has always found us her best customer. But, if she forces a quarrel with us, she will find us an ugly customer.

☞ The servant girls of the Free States consume more silks and French goods than the whole Southern aristocracy.

☞ The old legends say—if Christmas comes on Wednesday, look out for a "harde wynter and strong, and hydens wyndes."

☞ When the furious Orson saw his own image reflected from his brother's shield, he started back and stayed his blow; and many of our own attacks on our brothers' faults might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his bosom, to show us our own likeness there.

☞ EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE.—Charleston kindled the torch of insurrection, and the *torch of insurrection kindled Charleston.*

☞ A negro preacher recently, in Virginia, referring, in a desultory and characteristic discourse, to the day of judgment, said, with great earnestness and fervor:

"Brethren and sisters!—in *dat* day de Lord shall divide de sheep from de goats; and brest de Lord, he knows which wears de wool!"

☞ Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say, "sweet are the uses of advertisement." It's so—if Shakspeare didn't say it.

☞ GOOD FOR SHARPENING SWORDS.—Our European files, of late.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ AN UNFINISHED NEIGHBORHOOD.—Mild gentleman (*who has lost his hat's address*):—"Pray, my friend, can you tell me if there is a party any-where in this square?" Dustman: "Party, guv'nor? No, I aint seen no party. Oh, yes! Stop a bit! I did see a round-shouldered party, with one hi and a dawg!"—*Punch.*

☞ Physical troubles have their compensations. A war correspondent of a western paper writes thus: "Did you ever have the 'yaller janders?' I've got a few, and could spare an assorted stock to a small dealer. Better get some, for a dime looks like a quarter eagle, which is a pleasant delusion."

☞ While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, libelling his opinions—that man, in solitude, is, perhaps, shedding hot tears, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word and do the difficult deed.

A LOST LOVE.

Ah! one fair lady I remember well—
And shall remember though all else should fade:
Her dreamy eye, her gentle sigh;
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell;
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid;
And oh! her smile, that played at hide-and-seek
With dimples on her chin and cheek!

Oh, Edith! often have we sat at rest,
And watched the sunset from the Lover's Hill,
When few faint stars shone through the bars
Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west;
And Nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill,
While night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,
On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,
Yet still in memory are their joys enshrined:
Tall grasses wave o'er Edith's grave;
Above her breast the birds chant plaintive lays;
Yet still I feel her arms around me twined;
Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;
Still sit we 'neath the maple trees.

—*George Arnold.*

SINGULAR FREAK
OF A DESPAIRING LOVER.

The progress of the body of Alexander from the hour when it was life-abandoned to that in which it was employed to close a bung-hole, was a slow one. A chemist who possessed the ability of a Hoffman, a Normandy, or a Crookes, could reduce a far bulkier body than that of the great Macedonian to as small a compass, and in a very short space of time. Something of this kind was performed by a French chemist not very long ago. Having had the misfortune to lose a friend to whom he was deeply attached, he extracted all the iron from his body, and had it manufactured into a ring, which he wore constantly on his wrist. This exhibition of French eccentricity was not altogether novel. In 1792, Paris was not a particularly pleasant place to live in; nevertheless, people were born there, lived there, and died there—some of them in an exceedingly disagreeable and abrupt manner—very much as they had done before. Among others of its inhabitants was one Hippolyte Louchet, who kept a shop for the sale of grocery, wine, candles, oil, blacking, and other articles of chandlery, at the corner of the Rue Favart and a little street which runs into the Rue de Grammont.

Now, M. Louchet had a daughter, with a taste for coquetry, which manifested itself at a remarkably early age even for a French woman. The social position of the parties on whom she exercised her talent in this way was quite a matter of indifference to her, for, like a good little citizeness, she accepted the doctrine that all were equal. I am speaking now of a time when she was a girl, and Eugene Danton was a boy some eleven or twelve years of age. Eugene's position was not a lofty one, nor his prospects brilliant, his avocation being that of a *commissionaire*—that is to say, he cleaned the boots of such citizens as continued to indulge in such refinement, ran errands, and made himself generally useful. His acquaintance with Mademoiselle Agathe Louchet originated in his buying his blacking at her father's shop, where the little lass did not hesitate to ask him all kinds of impertinent questions respecting his business, to the amusement of her father and mother, and the confusion of poor little Eugene. After a time, he seems to have found that the corner of the Rue Favart offered greater advantages, in a professional point of view, than the adjacent station he had hitherto occupied, and he removed his apparatus thither. He now had frequent opportunities of seeing Agathe as she passed to and from her father's house; and whenever this happened, no matter at how critical a stage of development he had brought the polish on his customer's boots, he invariably jumped up, and, totally forgetful of his dignity as a citizen of the republic, made mademoiselle a bow. It occasionally happened that mademoiselle would stop to speak to him, if he chanced to be unoccupied; and great was Eugene's joy when this occurred, and astonishing the energy with which he danced the Carmagnole round his establishment by way of giving vent to it. In such stirring times as those, it would not have been difficult for him to have pushed himself up in the world, at the risk, however, of being pushed out of it altogether by some one who wanted his place; but the desire to see Mademoiselle Agathe restrained him from making any effort in this direction, until he had become thoroughly aware that if his love for her were to be crowned by marriage, he must make an effort to raise himself above the condition of a *commissionaire*.

Accordingly, shortly after reaching his fifteenth year, he made application to Citizen Destouches, one of the oldest and kindest of his patrons, for a post under the Republic.—This citizen received Eugene very kindly, and in a short time procured for him a situation in the Chamber of Deputies. He was now in a fair way of getting influence enough to compel Agathe's parents to consent to his marrying their daughter, even if they had any objection to a young man whose prospects had so much improved; but inasmuch as he was as yet of tender years, he contented himself, for the time, with visiting the family on the ground of his being an old acquaintance, on which occasions he was treated by Agathe with great coolness when her parents were present, and a corresponding amount of familiarity whenever they chanced to be away. Also it is to be feared that she saw him on other occasions elsewhere than in her father's house. Time gradually removed the sole impediment to their union; and having now attained his nineteenth year, Eugene urged Agathe to suffer him to make a formal request for her hand; but the young lady opposed it with all sorts of pretexts for delay. The truth was, she had known him so long, that she was now tired of him, and there appear to have been others who had a better claim to her hand, if they had chosen to assert it, than he. The more reluctant she appeared to be to accept him as her husband, the more anxious he showed himself to occupy that position. At last, tired of his importunities, she gave him a decided negative, in such positive terms, that he left her with the profound conviction that there was not the least hope for him.

Instead of revenging his disappointment by getting her sent to the scaffold, and thus preventing her from breaking any more hearts, this young man did the very thing which she must most have desired, considering how dangerous a disappointed living lover might become in those days—he committed suicide, and accompanied the act of self-destruction with a circumstance so very extraordinary, that I am half afraid to relate it, lest some may doubt whether I am writing with a strict regard to the truth. On getting to his apartments, he sent a note to one of the principal men who possessed establishments at Montfaucon, to whom he had been introduced by Destouches, requesting him to breakfast with him the next morning. The greater part of the night he spent in meditating on his project, and the remainder in arranging his affairs in connection with the Chamber of Deputies, for at this time he had reached a position of some importance. The person he had invited duly presented himself at the breakfast-table at the time appointed. What passed between them was stated by the latter to have been merely a request that he would allow him (Eugene) to sleep at his house that night, and the exaction of a promise to faithfully perform whatever request he might make to him. After this man, Pivoine, had gone, Eugene went to the commissionaire whom he was in the habit of employing, and told him to come to his apartments in the course of the afternoon. When he came, he gave him a bag to carry to Pivoine's house, and ordered him to wait there till he arrived. Late that evening, Eugene Danton was sitting in a bedroom in the horse-slaughterer's house at Montfaucon, and before him stood the young commissionaire. "Pierre," said he, addressing him, "we have been acquainted a long time, and I know I can depend on you to do what I ask, precisely and without variation. What I want you to do is this: on the fourth day from this, you will deliver this note to Mademoiselle Louchet; it is an appointment for her to call on me the next evening at my apartments. You will afterwards return here, and M. Pivoine will give you a letter and a candle. You will be in attendance to receive Mademoiselle Agathe when she arrives, and the moment she enters the room, you light the candle, and put the letter into her hands. As I may not be a customer of yours after that day, here are two gold pieces for you; but you must first promise me that you will faithfully obey my directions; and if by any chance Agathe does not come to my apartments on that evening, you will find means to cause her to read the letter by the light of that candle."

Pierre not only promised, but kept his word in every particular. Mademoiselle Agathe came, but evidently with no very good-will, and quite prepared to give vent to her ill-humor on the slightest provocation, as appeared from the statement made by Pierre.

There were candles burning on the mantelpiece when she entered the room, but before the lad put Eugene's letter into her hand, he lighted the candle he had received from Pivoine, and held it while she read it. It ran as follows:—

"My dear Agathe—I have told you a thousand times that not only would I die for your, but that if you ceased to love me I should cease to live. That time has arrived. You have had the cruelty to tell me, in the hardest language, that you no longer love me. Agathe, you have broken my heart—that heart which knew no hope with which you were not associated, and if I die to-day, I do but hasten an event which would surely happen to-morrow. But I forgive you your coquetry and cruelty, my cherished one—adored even now in my last moments. You will read this letter by the light of a candle composed of my body; so that, having served you faithfully while alive, I have still the happiness of knowing that I shall be of service to you after my death. Adieu! my angel—my adored! The Dying Eugene."

"Blow out that candle, Pierre, and give me what is left," said Agathe; and as she turned to leave the room she sighed heavily and added: "Pauvre Eugene! Vraiment, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!" (Truly, the game is not worth the candle.)

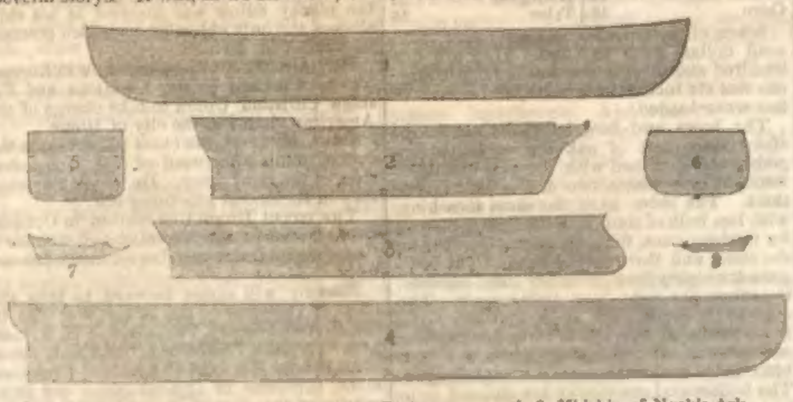
Women who Might have Travelled on their Muscle.—Cymburga, wife of the Duke Ernest, of Luthinia, could crack nuts between her fingers, and drive nails into the wall with her thumb; whether she ever got her husband under it is not recorded. Let us preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, at Wanstead, in Essex, England, thus advertised: "This is to give notice to my honored masters, and ladies, and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or *hollo*, with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now 74 years of age." Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Huntingtower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the maiden's leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance of nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lover to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die without a husband.

☞ A person invited an acquaintance to dinner on the 29th day of September, saying he always had a goose at dinner on Michaelmas day.

SHIPS AND BOATS.

We present our readers below with a design, showing the relative dimensions of some of the most memorable vessels in ancient and modern times.

Noah's Ark, probably the first vessel which was ever built, and certainly the first of which we have any account, was constructed of gopher-wood, generally supposed to be the wood of the cypress-tree. It was an oblong building. The length of it was six times the breadth, and ten times the height. The length, if we take the cubit at 21 inches, was about 525 feet; its breadth 87 feet 6 inches; its height 50 feet. Its burden is estimated at 42,413 tons. Its probable form was that of a house, and it seems to have been divided into several storys. It was, as we all know, constructed for eight persons, together with pairs, or sevens, of all those animals—quadrupeds, fowls, reptiles, and insects—which could not live in the water; besides this, it had to contain all the necessary food for those creatures during a year. The adaptation of the Ark to its intended purpose was complete. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Peter Hans, of Horne, built two ships after the model or proportions of the Ark. One was 120 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 12 deep. These vessels, like that of Noah, were, at first, objects of ridicule and scorn; but experience demonstrated that they carried one-third more freight than other vessels of a similar size, though they did not require a larger crew; they were better sailors, and made their way with more swiftness. The Ark was thus shown to accord in structure



1. Noah's Ark.
2. A British first-rate.
3. An iron-cased ram.
4. The Great Eastern.
5. Midship section of the Great Eastern.
6. Midship of Noah's Ark.
7. Drake's ship, the Golden Hind.
8. Columbus's caraval, Pinta.

with the soundest principles of shipbuilding.

But it must always be borne in mind with reference to the Ark, that it was built to float, not to sail; that speed was never intended, and that consequently the Ark would not be a safe model for modern ships. The principles on which it was built were sound enough, so far as the Ark was concerned; but it was simply a floating home for Noah, his family, and the animals saved from the flood.

In contrast with the Ark, our artist gives us a British first-rate. Of the build of these vessels we have already furnished examples; but of the increase of their dimensions, some idea may be formed from the following:—In 1677, the burden of a first-rate was from 1,500 to 1,600 tons; in 1720, 1,800 tons; in 1745, 2,060 tons; in 1795, 2,300 tons; in 1808, 2,600 tons; in 1840, 3,100 tons. Very great improvement in the build and rig of them has also been made, whereby their strength, and durability have been immeasurably increased, without any additional expense.

But the improvement in shipbuilding has, within comparatively a very recent date, taken a new direction. Iron takes the place of wood. In our second cut, the third figure, for example, exhibits the dimensions of one of these iron-cased rams, which have excited so much interest, and promise so important a part in naval operations. It will be seen that this ram is considerably longer than the first-rate, but not so high. The destructive power of these rams, driven with all their force into the hull of an enemy's vessel, can scarcely be overestimated, and would make some of our old sailors stand aghast. We are living in a great age, and we attempt, and generally accomplish, great things. Whether we really do more useful work, with all our appliances, has been doubted; but that, in peace and in war, we carry out plans that never would—never could—have been planned in the old time, nobody can doubt.

Among the great achievements in modern naval architecture is the Great Eastern.—Many have been the disasters of that colossal ship, since the ground was first made ready for her construction. It was doubted whether she would ever be finished—doubted whether, if finished, she would ever take to the water; and the steady resistance offered during her protracted launch warranted these doubts. But the Great Ship has made a great success; she has crossed the wide Atlantic, and she has ridden out storms—not without damage to herself, however—that few other vessels could have withstood. Our artist gives us the Great Eastern, in contrast with the British first-rate, the Iron ram, and Noah's Ark, the last of which it exceeds most considerably in size and burden.

But what is even more striking in the contrasts offered than that of Noah's Ark and the Great Eastern, is the difference between the latter and two other vessels of still greater renown than ever the Great Ship can attain. We allude to the Golden Hind of Sir Francis Drake, and the Pinta of Columbus. In the latter the brave-hearted discoverer crossed the ocean, and added a new world to the old; in the former the great navigator sailed round the globe, and received his well-won honors from Queen Bess. But how insignificant are these vessels, by which, centuries ago, so much was achieved. They are mere boats in comparison with our modern ships; they would be run down by a river steamer.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES
AMONG THE ROMANS.

Notwithstanding the edicts by which he endeavored to curb the follies of others, Cæsar was himself an indefatigable collector of precious stones, chiselled vases, statues, pictures, &c., especially when they had been the work of famous ancient masters. The quantity of gems the Cæsars had at their command must have been enormous. Caligula built ships entirely of cedar, with sterns inlaid with gems. These were probably fine stones, such as the onyx. The Emperor's mantle was heavy with precious stones and gold embroidery; and Incitatus, his favorite horse, was covered with purple housings, and wore a pearl collar.

In the golden house of Nero, the panels were of mother of-pearl, enriched with gold and gems. At the Great Games instituted by this Emperor, as many as a thousand lottery-tickets were daily thrown to the people; the prizes consisted of quantities of rare birds of various kinds, corn, gold, silver, robes, pearls, precious stones, and pictures; during the last days, even ships, houses, and lands.

But it was under the reign of the Antonines that luxury was carried to its greatest height. Luxury in edifices, gardens, furniture, banquets, and dress, found historians to panegyrize or satirize them as far back as the reign of Augustus; but Pliny was the first writer who spoke of precious stones.

When the mania for jewels reached its climax, it was not enough for the vanity of these masters of the world that their trinkets were valuable on account of the workmanship and beauty of the gems; they were not content unless they could boast of possessing such as had an illustrious origin. A ring, a vase, a string of pearls, or a cameo, had its genealogy, and was traced back to a Cleopatra, an Anthony, or some other illustrious owner. This vanity forms the text of one of Martial's epigrams.

Men and women vied with each other in their fondness for jewels. Pliny indignantly relates that women, not content with wearing gold on their heads, arms, tresses, and fingers, in their ears, and around the corsage of their tunics, yet wore pearls on their bosom, in the dead of the night, that even in their sleep they might be conscious of the possession of inestimable gems.

He complains, moreover, that they wore gold on their feet, thus establishing, between the stola of the matron and the plebeian tunic, a sort of feminine equestrian order. This was but a trifling piece of extravagance, however, when compared with the whim of the Empress Poppæa, who caused her mules to be shod with gold.

Indeed, moderation could scarcely be expected from the wives of the patricians who had subdued empires, made kings their tributaries, and reigned as sovereigns over the wide domains wrested from surrounding nations to be provinces of Rome. "I have seen," says Pliny, "Lollia Paulina, who was the wife of the Emperor Caligula, and this not on the occasion of a solemn festival, or ceremony, but merely at a supper of ordinary betrothals, I have seen Lollia Paulina covered with emeralds and pearls, arranged alternately so as to give each other additional brilliancy on her head, neck, arms, hands, and girdle, to the amount of 40,000 sesterces (£336,000 sterling), the which value she was prepared to prove on the instant by producing the receipts; and these pearls came, not from the prodigal generosity of an imperial husband, but from treasures which had been the spoils of provinces. Marcus Lollius, her grandfather, was dishonored in all the East on account of the gifts he had extorted from kings, disgraced by Tiberius, and obliged to poison himself, that his grand-daughter might exhibit herself by the light of the *lucernæ* blazing with jewels."

The censorious naturalist tells us that a Roman *belle* would no more have been seen abroad without her jewels, than a consul without his fasces.

The Greek and Roman jewelers had varied the form and style of ornaments to such a degree that, according to archæologists, our most skillful modern artists are merely copyists or imitators. The works that treat of the jewelry of the ancients, furnish inexhaustible repertories to those who explore their scientific depths. Diadems, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, rings, pins, brooches, clasps of all shapes and dimensions, surmounted with busts, statuettes, animals, birds, insects, flowers, &c., were indispensable to the Roman ladies, and were frequently prized far more for their artistic merit, than for the substance of which they were composed.—Hair-pins constituted a very important article of the toilet, and were elaborately finished; the head usually represented figures delicately wrought. Mention is made of a hair-pin that cost £10,000. Among the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum, now in the Royal Museum of Naples, is a pin that had belonged to the Empress Sabina; it represents the Goddess of Plenty, bearing in one hand the horn of Archelaus, and caressing a dolphin with the other. This pin is described by Winkelman in his letter on the antiquities of Herculaneum.

The necklace usually wound several times round the neck, the last circle falling on the bosom; the clasp was a magnificent cameo. We may judge of the delicacy of the workmanship, and of the beauty of the design, by the antique gems preserved in European collections.

Pearl bracelets of three or five strands, gold bracelets set with gems, loaded the arms and wrists of the Roman *belles*, rings encircled every finger, and rich girdles their waists. Many of these jewels have become historical. Thus, Faustina's ring, we are told, cost £40,000; that of Domitia, £60,000; the bracelet of Cæsonia, £80,000; the ear-rings of Poppæa, £120,000; and those of Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, twice that sum. The diadem of Sabina, as valuable for the workmanship as for the material, was estimated at £240,000.

The very garters of the Roman ladies were splendid trinkets, on which gold, silver, and precious stones were prodigally employed. Sabina, the younger, possessed a pair of garters valued at nearly £40,000, on account of the rich cameos that clasped them. The patrician dames, in their mad endeavors to rival each other in this species of ornament, spent a large part of their fortunes. The garters of those days were not used to fasten stockings with—the Romans wore no stockings—but a kind of drawers of fine linen. Sometimes the garter was worn on the naked leg, as bracelets are worn on the arms.

Nero offered to Jupiter Capitolinus the first cuttings of his beard in a golden vase enriched with very costly pearls.

Heliogabalus wore sandals adorned with precious stones of an inestimable price, and never wore the same pair twice.

A LONG WAY ROUND TO NO. 3.
A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

"What was the curiousest thing as I ever came across?" echoed the policeman. "Well, sir, that ain't a question as is very easy to answer."

It was a wet evening, and we two were standing together under the shelter of a portico in the Edgeware Road, London. I am one of those who never let slip an opportunity of acquiring information, and I had just put the above question to the guardian of the night, although not in those identical words. I feel quite confident that I had not made use of the word "curiousest," for example.

"It ain't a question very easy to answer," repeated my companion, "and especially on a night like this."

The latter remark was entirely illogical, but it fulfilled the very highest office of language, by conveying at once the meaning of the speaker.

I replied:—"Here is a shilling for you, my good friend, to keep the cold out"—another observation which, to the mere rhetorician, by-the-by, may appear equally faulty—"and to assist your memory."

"Well, sir, in course I'll do my best," returned the officer, and his face glowed with an honest radiance scarcely inferior to that of his shining hat-crown and glittering waterproof cape. Then he placed himself in that attitude of Recollection which, universal as it is, has never yet been recognized by painter or sculptor. He tipped his hat forward so as to rest upon his nose, and scratched the portion of his head thus left uncovered.

"There are numbers of the force, sir, who, being asked such a question as yourn, could spin you a far better yarn than I. Some of 'em would inwent such a story as should rise the hair off your 'ed, sooner than you shouldn't have it strong enough of blood and murder; but I haven't no sort of talent in that way myself. I can only tell you what I knows, and I ain't werry good at that, as you can see, by this time, I dare say."

I hastened to assure him that his style as a narrator was all that could be desired, and that I wanted unvarnished truth, and not elegant fiction—an article with which the market is a little overstocked already.

"Well, sir, I've been a pleeseman six years come Christmas, and I've seen and heard a considerable quantity of queer things, as you may suppose."

"I should like to have what you have seen with your own eyes," said I; "the most singular fact within your own personal experience."

"Then that was last Saturday night, in this very street," replied he. "It was not murdery, nor robbery, nor nothing spicey of that sort, but it was just the curiousest thing as ever I came across. It was almost ten o'clock, and as fine and clear a night as though it had been made o'purpose to circumwent the cracksmen, when I see a crowd in this 'ere street. Wherever's there a crowd, why, that's my place, in course, and up I goes to see what little game was a-playing. It was too late for *Punch*, and too early for fighting, so I judged that it might be something serious; but it was only a respectable old female party who had lost her way. At first I thought she were a furriner, some people telling me as she was a Proossian, and some a Switcher,* and she did talk such a lingo as I never heard before, and I know most tongues, too—patter, and flash, and gipsy talk, and what not; but this beat 'em all. There was *some* English amongst it, however, and I managed to find out that she came from Devonshire, where they all speak like that, she said, which seems ridiklus—don't it, sir?"

"Ridiklus, indeed," returned I; "but I dare say she was right; some people pronounce their words very oddly."

My companion shook his head, as much as to say that there must be a limit to that sort of eccentricity too, and continued as follows:—

"The old party was glad enough to see me, poor soul, for she had been asking her way to 'her daughter Sally's, No. 3,' of everybody she had met for the last quarter of an hour, and most people had not understood what she said; and those that did, had taken her for a mad woman. And well they might. She had no bonnet on, but only an immense night-cap, and her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and she had half a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

"'And now, my good woman,' said I, 'what is it?'

"Then she told me her story; and although I could only rightly understand one word in three, long experience in picking up the statements of parties in liquor, and otherwise afflicted, enabled me to piece it together thus—She lived at Deeplane, Devonshire, and had come up to London the day before, for the first time in her life, to visit her married daughter, Sally, who lived in one of the small streets about the Edgeware Road.—Sally's husband had met her at the Paddington station, and brought her home; but where that home was now, she had not the faintest notion. The only information she could give us was, that it was No. 3. She had lost herself in this manner. Being a hale and active old woman, she had been helping in the family wash that evening—and thereby had her sleeves tucked up and her arms bare—when, all of a sudden, they found the soap give out, and some more had to be sent for at once before the shop should shut. Now, she had accompanied her daughter to the grocer's that very morning, and thinking she could find her way there and back again quite easily, the old lady volunteered to go herself. Off she started, just as she was, and managed to reach her destination in good time, and bought the soap; but finding her way home was quite a different matter. She had forgotten, or never paid any attention to the right turning, and now she was just as much abroad as though she were in the desert with Sarah.* The shops were almost all shut up, too; so that the street wore quite a different appearance to that of a few minutes before, and the poor old party did not even remember the name of the grocer's. Her 'daughter Sally, No. 3,' was all the compass we two had got to steer by, and I believe it would have puzzled our best detectives—although such wonderful virtues are attributed to them by the literary coves—to make much out of *that*. If it had been a poor man's child astray, why, that would have been a different thing, and as easy as lying."

"How so?" inquired I. "I should have thought it would have been more difficult to set a child right than an adult even though she came from Devonshire."

"Not a *poor* child, sir, although it might be so with a young un with a hat and feathers. All we has to do in such a case is to say:—'Where does your father get his beer from?' and out there comes the name of the public-house like winkin. But this poor old female party didn't know nothing, bless yer. I walked her up and down my beat for a couple of hours, to see if she could identify a street or two, but there, *she identified 'em all*. They were all alike to her; and she was sure that her Sally lived at No. 3 in every one of 'em. Well, she wouldn't go the station-house, and she wouldn't go the workus, and what was I to do with the *old party?*

"'I've got my Sally's direction writ down,' says she at last, 'in one of her own letters.'

"I was just about to let fly, and call her a fool, when I thought of my own poor mother as is dead and gone, and who was not good at finding her way about London streets herself; only the old party added:—'Not in my pocket, Mr. Pleeseman; no—I wish it was—but in my bakky-box (by which the good soul meant her snuff-box), that I left at home at Deeplane, because I knew there was plenty of snuff in London, in the right-hand side of the bottom drawer in my bedroom.'

"How werry partikler she were, you see, about localities which were of no sort of consequence; and yet there she was in the Edgeware Road with nothing but 'my daughter Sally, No. 3.'

"'Well,' says I, 'my good old lady,' for I had got to be quite fond of her, she was so grateful and different from the folks I have to do with mostly, 'you must just go back to Deeplane, and look for that 'ere letter.'

"So, bare arms, soap, and all, off she trudged to the Paddington station with one of our men on that beat; and I have heard since that the Railway Company took her to Deeplane and brought her back again for nothing at all; and if so, says I, Heaven bless that Company, and increase its traffix. And so she came back with her half-bar of soap, and the letter in her hand, in about eight-and-forty hours, and so reached Sally and No. 3 at last, after going round about five hundred miles. And that's the curiousest thing as ever occurred on *my* beat."

*An intelligent friend connected with *Notes and Queries* suggests that this may possibly mean the desert of Sahara.

Value, Color, and Beef of Horses.—A horse's value, like that of a man, is the measure of his ability. Power increases his worth, and weakness decreases it. The price of a horse depends upon what he can do. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the highest American price known, and 75 cents the lowest. Last year, several horses in England changed hands at $15,000 and $22,500. The transmission of color to the horse, like many other processes of nature, is a mystery. A good horse never has a bad color, and a poor horse never a good one—hence the varied prejudice against color.—The sire of the beautiful bay, "Ethan Allen," was black, his grandsire chestnut, and his dam gray. "Ethan Allen's" famous brother, "Red Leg," is gray, with one bay leg. "Hampden," the well-known white-faced, white-footed stallion, descended from horses of better color, but his colts are said to be universally chestnut. Who can explain the problem? Horse beef, steamed under the saddle, is highly relished by the Siberian Kalmucks, and considered a great dainty.—Why isn't horse beef good? What does the animal eat more than others to make him especially unclean? Who can answer?

*I believe that this word was intended to signify an inhabitant of the Swiss cantons. Query. Switzer?

SHADOWS.

An old clerk sat on his high-legged stool,
Surrounded by papers and books,
And he thought, as he plied the revolving rule,
Of days gone by, when a boy at school
He dreamt of seeking a merchant's goal,
As he formed his "trammels and hooks."

He thought how he planned a golden way,
A road to fortune and power,—
How every scheme cast a golden ray,
What untold wealth his hands should sway,
As he basked in the light of fortune's day,
Nor looked for a gloomy hour.

But alas! for the fiction that fancy weaves,
As a net for the innocent prey;
How sadly her gilded tint deceives;
How often her victim caught, she leaves!
No penitent tear the past reprieves;
Alas! the unfortunate day.

He thought with competence well secured,
A country home to rear;
But see him still in the city immured,
His youthful ambition, alas! how cured,
His withered heart to reverse inured—
His only home is here.

He trusted the future to bring him gain,
And servants to do his work;
But still he walks through snow and rain,
And his head is often racked with pain,
Though slack! it is not for him to complain,
For he is only a clerk.

The old clerk sat on his high-legged stool,
Surrounded by papers and books,
And faster he plied his revolving rule,
While he thought how man could become such a fool,
As of money to be such a perfect tool,
When into the future he looks.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRAVELLERS.

The events we have undertaken to narrate are so mingled with incidents intertwined in each other by that fatality of accident which governs human life, that we are compelled once more, to our great regret, to interrupt our story, and let the reader be present at a scene which took place not far from the Rubio ford, on the same day that the events occurred which we have described in preceding chapters.

At about one o'clock of the *tarde*, that is to say, at the moment when the beams of the sun, which has reached its zenith, pour down on the prairie such an intense heat, that everything which lives and breathes seeks shelter in the deepest part of the woods, three horsemen passed over the ford, and boldly entered the path Don Miguel Ortega was destined to follow a few hours later.

These horsemen were white men, and what is more, Mexicans; it was easy to perceive, at the first glance, that they had not the slightest connection with any class of the adventurers who, under various names, such as Gambusinos, hunters, trappers, woodrangers, or pirates, swarm on the Western Prairies, which they incessantly cross in every direction.

The dress of these horsemen was that usually worn by the Mexican haciendéros on the frontiers. The wide-brimmed hat, gallooned, and decorated with the toquilla; the manga; the short calzoneras, open at the knee; the zarape; the *botas vaqueras*, and the *armas de agua*, without which no one ventures on the desert. They were armed with rifles, revolvers, navajas, and machetes. Their horses, at this moment oppressed by the heat, but slightly refreshed by passing the ford, held their heads up proudly, and showed that, if necessary, they could have gone a long journey, in spite of their apparent fatigue.

Of the three horsemen, one seemed to be the master, or at least the superior, of the other two. He was a man of fifty years of age, with hard, energetic features, imprinted, however, with rare frankness and great resolution; he was tall, well built, and robust: and he sat upright and stiff on his saddle, with that confidence which denotes the old soldier.

His companions belonged to the class of Indios Manzos, a bastard race, in which Spanish blood and Indian blood are so mixed that it is impossible to assign them any characteristic type. Still, the richness of their dress, and the way in which they rode by the first horseman's side, rendered it easy to guess that they were confidential servants, men whose fidelity had been long proved—almost friends, in short, and not domestics, in the vulgar acceptation of the term. As far as it is possible to recognize the age of an Indian, in whose face traces of decrepitude are nearly always invisible, these two men must have reached middle age, that is, from forty to forty-five years.

These three horsemen rode a short distance behind each other, with a thoughtful and sorrowful air: at times they turned a glance of discouragement around, stifled a sigh, and continued their journey with drooping heads, like men convinced they have undertaken a task beyond their strength, but whom their will, and, before all, their devotion, urge onwards at all risks.

The presence of these strangers on the banks of the Rubio was, indeed, one of those unusual facts which no one would have been able to explain, and which would certainly have greatly surprised the hunters or Indians who might have seen them.

In the country where they now were, animals were rare; hence they were not hunting. These regions, remote from all civilized zones, fatally bordered unexplored countries, the last refuge of the Indians; these men were, therefore, neither traders nor ordinary travellers.

What reason could have been so powerful as to urge them to bury themselves in the desert, so few in number, where every human face must be to them that of an enemy?—Where were they going? what were they seeking? This question none but the men themselves could have answered.

The ford had been passed; before them lay extended a barren and sandy plain, opening on the gorge to which we have already alluded. On this plain, not a blade of grass glistened: the burning beams of the sun descended perpendicularly on the parched sand, which rendered the heat, if possible, more oppressive and stifling. The eldest of the travellers turned to his companions:—

"Courage, Muchachos!" he said, in a gentle voice and a sad smile, as he pointed to the edge of the forest, not more than three miles distant from them, whose close and thick vegetation promised them a refreshing shade. "Courage! we shall soon rest."

"Your Excellency need not trouble yourself about us," one of the criados answered, "what your Excellency endures without complaining, we can also endure."

"The heat is stifling; hence, like yourselves, I feel the want of a few hours' rest."

"If absolutely necessary, we could go on a long time yet," the man who had already spoken said, "but our horses can hardly drag themselves along. The poor beasts are almost foundered."

"Yes, men and beasts want rest. However strong our will may be, there are limits before which the human organization must yield. Courage! in an hour we shall have arrived."

"Come, come, Excellency, do not think of us any more."

The first traveller made no answer, and they continued their journey in silence.

They soon reached the gorge, which they passed through, and found themselves among thickets, which, gently approaching, began to offer them a scanty shade; but, just as they reached the spot the first traveller had pointed out for their halt, he suddenly stopped and turned to his companions,—

"Look there," he said, "do you not see a slight pillar of smoke rising in the thicket, down there in front of us, a little on the left of the skirt of the forest?"

They looked.

"In truth," the elder answered, "there can be no mistake about it, although from here it might be taken for a mist; still, the way in which the spiral rises, and its blue tinge, prove that it is smoke."

"After the ten mortal days we have been wandering about these immense solitudes, without meeting a living soul, that fire must be welcome to us, for it indicates man, that is, friends; let us go straight up to them, then, perhaps, we shall obtain from them some valuable information about the object of our journey."

"Pardon me, Excellency," the criado answered, quickly, "when we quitted the Presidio, you promised to place yourself in my hands, so excuse my giving you some advice, which, under present circumstances, will be very useful to you."

"Speak, my excellent Bermudez, I place the most perfect confidence in your experience and fidelity; your advice will be well received by me."

"Thanks, Excellency," the man answered, whom he had called Bermudez, "I have been a long time your vaquero, and in that capacity have been frequently mixed up both with hunters and Indians, which has given me certain notions of desert life, by which I have profited, although I never before went so far on to the prairie as to-day. Hence, in the spot where we are, we must above all avoid a meeting with our fellow-men, and only accost them prudently, while employing the greatest precautions; the more so, as we do not know whom we have before us, and if we have to deal with friend or foe."

"It is true; your remark is correct; but, unfortunately, it is a little late."

"Why so?"

"Because, if we have seen the smoke of their fire, it is probable the people down there saw us long ago, and are spying all our movements, especially as we made no attempt at concealment."

"That is certain, Don Mariano, that is certain," Bermudez continued, with a shake of his head. "Hear, then, what, with your permission, Excellency, I propose, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, which is always unpleasant; you will remain here with Juanito, while I go alone, and push on my reconnoissance up to the fire."

Don Mariano hesitated to reply, for it seemed to him hard to refuse his old servant thus.

"Decide, Excellency," the latter said, quickly! "I know the Redskin way of talking; they will salute me either with a shower of arrows, or a bullet; but, as they are generally very bad shots, they are almost certain not to hit me, and then I will easily enter into negotiations with them. You see that the risk I have to run is not tremendous."

"Bermudez is right, Excellency," Juanito answered, sententiously; being a methodical and silent man, who never took the word save under grave circumstances; "you must let him act as he thinks proper."

"No!" Don Mariano said, resolutely; "I will never consent to that. God is master of our existence; He alone can dispose of it at His will; if any accident happened to you, my poor Bermudez, I should never pardon myself; we will continue to advance together; at any rate, if they are enemies before us, we shall be able to defend ourselves."

Bermudez and Juanito were preparing to answer their master's objections, and the discussion would have probably lasted a long while, but at this moment the galloping of a horse was heard, the grass parted, and a rider appeared about a dozen paces from the group. It was a white man, and dressed in the garb of the prairie hunters.

"Hold, Caballeros," he cried, as he made a friendly sign with his hand, and checked his horse; "advance without fear, you are welcome; I noticed your indecision, and am come to put an end to it."

BRIGHTEYE PHILOSOPHICALLY AWAITING DON MIGUEL'S RETURN TO LIFE.

The three men exchanged glances.

"I thank you for your cordial invitation," Don Mariano at length answered, "and accept it gladly."

All suspicion being done away with, the four persons walked together toward the fire, which they reached a few moments later. Near this fire were two Indians, man and wife.

The travellers dismounted, took off saddle and bridle, and after giving their horses food, seated themselves with a sign of satisfaction by their new friends, who did the honor of their provisions and bivouac with all the cordial simplicity of the desert.

The reader has doubtless recognized Ruperto, Flying Eagle, and Eglantine, whom we left proceeding toward the Chief's village, whither Ruperto had received orders from Marksman to accompany the Chief.

Don Mariano and his companions were not only fatigued, but also excessively hungry; the hunter and the Indians left them at full liberty to assuage their appetites, and when they saw them light their papelitos, they imitated them, and the conversation began. Turning at first on the ordinary topics of the desert, the weather, the heat, and the abundance of game, it soon grew more intricate, and assumed even a serious character.

"Now that the meal is ended, Chief," Ruperto said, "put out the fire; it is unnecessary for us to reveal our presence to the vagabonds who are doubtless prowling about the prairie."

Eglantine, at a sign from Flying Eagle, put out the fire.

"It was, indeed, your smoke which betrayed you," Don Mariano remarked.

"Oh!" Ruperto said, with a laugh, "because we wished it; had we not, we should have made our fire so as to remain unseen."

"You wish, then, to be discovered."

"Yes, it was a throw of the dice."

"I do not understand you."

"What I say to you seems an enigma, but you will soon be able to understand it.—Look," the hunter added, stretching out his arm in the direction of the gorge, "do you see that horseman going at full speed? in a quarter of an hour, at the most, he will be up with us; owing to the precaution I have taken, he will pass without noticing us."

"Do you fear anything from that horseman?"

"Nothing; on the contrary, the Chief and myself are here to help him."

"You know him, then?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Hum! you are becoming more and more incomprehensible, Caballero."

"Patience," the hunter said, with a laugh, "did I not tell you you should soon have a solution of the enigma?"

"Yes; and I confess that my curiosity is so excited, that I am impatiently waiting it!"

In the meanwhile, the horseman Ruperto had pointed out to Don Mariano came up rapidly, and soon passed, as the hunter had foreseen, a few paces from the bivouac, without noticing it. So soon as he had disappeared in the forest, Ruperto began again:

"A few hours ago," he said, "not far from the spot where we now are, the Chief and I, without wishing it, overheard a conversation of which this horseman was the object, a conversation in which the question was simply to make him fall into an odious snare. I do not know who this horseman is, nor do I wish to know it, but I have an instinctive repulsion to all that in the slightest degree resembles treachery. This Indian Chief, like myself, immediately resolved on saving this Caballero, if it were possible; we knew that he must pass by here, as he had an appointment with one of the men whom accident, or rather Providence, had made us so singularly listen to. Two men, however brave they may be, are very weak against some twenty bandits, still we did not lose courage, but resolved, if Heaven sent us no allies, bravely to attempt the adventure by ourselves; the more so, as the persons whose blood-thirsty plans we had surprised, seemed to us to be atrocious villains; still, by the Chief's advice, I lit this fire, certain, that if any traveller came this way, the smoke would serve him as a beacon, and assuredly lead him here; you see, Caballero, that I was not mistaken, as you have come."

"And I am glad I have," Don Mariano warmly replied; "I most readily join in your plan, which appears to be suggested in every respect by an honest and good heart."

"Do not make me out better than I am, Caballero," the hunter made answer; "I am only a poor devil of a woodranger, very ignorant of city matters; but under all circumstances, I obey the inspirations of my heart."

"And you are right, for they are sound and just."

"Thanks; now we are in force, I assure you that the pícaros, however numerous they may be, will see some fun; but we have still time before us; rest yourselves, sleep a few hours; when the moment arrives, we will arrange what to do."

Don Mariano was too tired to need a repetition of this invitation; a few moments later he and his companions were plunged in a deep and restorative sleep. At sunset Ruperto woke them.

"It is time," he said.

They rose: for the few hours' rest had restored them all their strength. The arrangements to be made were simple, and soon decided on.

We have seen what took place; Addick and Don Stefano, themselves surprised, when they expected to surprise Don Miguel, not knowing how many enemies they had to contend with, fled, after an obstinate struggle. Don Mariano and Ruperto, satisfied with having saved Don Miguel, retired so soon as the issue of the combat appeared no longer dubous.

Recalled, however, to the banks of the Rubio, by the shots fired at the last moment by Don Miguel, they saw a man and rushed toward him, possibly more with the hope of helping him than taking him prisoner. The man had fainted. Don Mariano and Ruperto raised him in their arms, and transported him beneath the covert of the forest, where Eglantine had contrived with great difficulty to light a fire: but when they were enabled to see the wounded man's face by the glare, both uttered a cry of stupefaction.

"Don Stefano Cohecho!" Ruperto exclaimed.

"My brother!" Don Mariano said, with mingled grief and horror.

CHAPTER XV.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

With the first gleam of day, the terrible hurricane, which had raged so cruelly through nearly the whole night, gradually calmed; the wind had swept the sky, and borne far away the gloomy clouds, which studded the blue heavens with black spots; the sun rose majestically in floods of light; the trees, refreshed by the tempests, had reassumed that pale green hue, sullied on the previous day by the dusty sand of the desert; and the birds, hid in countless myriads beneath the dense foliage, poured forth that harmonious concert which they offer every morning at sunrise to the All High—a sublime and grand hymn, a ravishing hymn, whose rhythm, full of simple melodies, causes the man buried in this ocean of verdure to indulge in sweet dreams, and plunges him unconsciously into a melancholy reverie of the hope, whose realization is in heaven.

As we have said, Don Miguel Ortega, saved by the tried courage and presence of mind of the two woodrangers, was carried by them to the foot of a tree, beneath which they laid him.

The young man had fainted. The hunters' first care was to examine his wounds; he had two, one on the right arm, the other on the head, but neither of them was dangerous. The wound in the arm bled furiously, a bullet had torn the flesh, but had produced no fracture of the bone, or any grave accident; as for the wound in the head, evidently produced by a sharp instrument, the hair had already matted over it, and checked the hæmorrhage.

Don Miguel's faintness was produced by the loss of blood in the first place, and next by the nervous excitement of a long and obstinate struggle, and the immense amount of strength he had been compelled to expend, to resist the numerous enemies who had treacherously attacked him.

The woodrangers, owing to the life they led, and the innumerable accidents to which they are constantly exposed, are obliged to possess some practical knowledge of medicine, and particularly of surgery. Pupils of the Redskins, simples play a great part in their medical system. Brighteye and Marksman were masters of the art of treating wounds summarily, after the Indian fashion. After carefully washing the wounds, and removing the hair from that on the head, they plucked *oregano* leaves, formed them into a species of cataplasm, by slightly moistening them with spirits diluted in water, and applied this primitive remedy to the wounds, fastening it on with leaves of the *abanigo*, cut into strips, round which they wound aloe threads. Then, with the blade of a knife, they slightly opened the wounded man's tightly closed jaws, and poured a few drops of spirits into his mouth. In a few moments Don Miguel half opened his eyes, and a fugitive glow colored his pallid cheeks.

The hunters, with their hands crossed on the muzzles of their rifles, carefully inspected the wounded man's face, trying to read on his features the probable results of the means they had thought it necessary to employ, in order to relieve him.

The man who recovers from a deep fainting fit, is not at the first moment conscious of external objects, nor does he remember what has happened; the equilibrium of his faculties, suddenly interrupted by the successive blows they have experienced, is only re-established slowly and gradually, in proportion as the eye grows brighter, the memory clearer. Don Miguel looked around him with a glance that contained no warmth or expression, and almost immediately closed his eyes again, as if already wearied by the effort he had been forced to make in opening them.

"In a few hours his strength will be restored, and before three days, there will not be a trace of it," Brighteye said, tossing his head sententiously; "by Jove! he is one of those sturdy fellows I like."

"Is he not?" Marksman answered—"so young and so valiant! What a rude attack he sustained."

"Yes, and bravely, we must say; still, for all that, if we had not been there, he would have found it difficult to get out of the scrape."

"He would have perished, there is not the least doubt of it, and that would have been unfortunate."

"Very unfortunate! however, he is well out of it. By-the-way, what are we going to do with him now? We cannot stay here for ever; on the other hand, he is unable to make a movement; but we must take him back to the camp, his men will feel alarmed at his absence, and who knows what would happen, if it were prolonged?"

"That is true; we cannot think of putting him on his horse, so we must hit on some other expedient."

"By Jove! that will not trouble us; the torpor into which he has fallen will last about two hours; in the meantime, he will be hardly capable of uttering a few words, and vaguely recalling what has happened to him; it is not, therefore, necessary for both of us to remain by him, one will be enough, say myself: you will go to the camp, state what has occurred, tell the Gambusinos in what condition their Chief is, ask for help, and bring it here as speedily as possible."

"You are right, Brighteye, on my word; your advice is excellent; and I will set about it at once. I shall not be gone more than two hours, so keep good watch, for we do not know who may be prowling round us, and spying our movements."

"Don't be frightened, Marksman, I am not one of those men who let themselves be surprised;—stay, I remember an adventure that occurred to me in every respect similar to this It was a long time ago, in 1824, I was very young, and—"

But Marksman, who heard with secret terror his comrade beginning one of his interminable stories, hastily interrupted him without ceremony, saying—

"By Jove! I have been acquainted with you for a long time, Brighteye, and know what manner of man you are, so I go perfectly easy in mind."

"No matter;" the hunter replied, "if you would let me explain—"

"Useless, useless, my friend; explanations are uncalled for from a man of your stamp and experience," Marksman said, as he leaped into his saddle, and started at full speed.

Brighteye looked after him for a long time.

"Hum!" he said, thoughtfully; "the Lord is my witness, that that man is one of the most excellent creatures in existence; I love him as a brother, and regret I can never make him understand how useful and precious it is to keep up a recollection of past events, so as not to feel embarrassed when any of those difficulties so common in desert life suddenly spring up;—well, I cannot help it."

And he began once more examining the wounded man, with that intelligent attention he had not once ceased testifying toward him.

Don Miguel had not made a movement; more than an hour had elapsed, and when the effects of the fainting fit were off, he instantaneously fell into that heavy, agitated sleep, from which nothing could arouse him for a long time. Brighteye, seated by his side, with his rifle betwixt his legs, philosophically smoked his Indian pipe, waiting, with the patience peculiar to hunters, till some symptom told him that the wounded man had succeeded in shaking off that torpor of evil augury which had seized upon him.

The old Canadian would have desired, even at the risk of an intense fever setting in, that a sudden commotion should recall the young man roughly to life; he built on the arrival of the Gambusinos to obtain this result, and he frequently consulted the desert with anxiety to try and perceive them, but he saw and heard nothing: all was silent around him.

"Come," he muttered at times, bending a dissatisfied glance at Don Miguel, who lay stretched at his feet, "the shock has been too rude, and nothing *will* happen to restore him to a consciousness of life; on my soul, I am most unlucky."

At the moment when, perhaps for the hundredth time, he repeated this sentence, with ever increasing annoyance, he heard at a short distance off a rather loud rustling, and the breaking of some dead branches.

"Eh, eh!" the hunter said, "what is the meaning of this?"

He raised his head smartly, and looked carefully around; suddenly he broke into a concentrated burst of laughter, and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"By Jove!" he said, gayly, "this is exactly what I want. Heaven has sent that young gentleman to draw me from my dilemma, and he is right welcome."

At about twenty paces from the hunter, a magnificent jaguar, crouching on the largest branch of an enormous cochineal tree, fixed a glaring look upon him, while at intervals passing one of its fore claws over its ears, with the airs and purring sound peculiar to the feline race. This wild beast, probably terrified by the hurricane of the past night, had not been able to regain its den, toward which it was proceeding, when it found the two men in its path.

The jaguar, or American tiger, far from attacking men, carefully avoids a meeting with them, and only accepts a combat when compelled and driven to bay, but then it becomes terrible, and a contest with it is frequently mortal, unless its opponent is accustomed to the numerous tricks it employs to insure the victory. At the moment the tiger perceived the hunter, the latter saw the tiger, hence the combat was imminent. The two enemies remained for several minutes in an attitude of observation; their glances crossed like sword blades.

"Come, make up your mind, sluggard!" Brighteye muttered.

The jaguar uttered a hoarse yell, sharpened its formidable claws for a few seconds on the branch which served it as a pedestal, and then, drawing itself up, bounded on the hunter. The latter did not stir: with his rifle to his shoulder, his feet well apart and firmly fixed, and his body bent slightly forward, he followed with a careful eye all the movements of the wild beast; at the moment the latter made its spring, the hunter pulled the trigger.

The tiger turned a somersault with a ferocious yell, and fell at Brighteye's feet. The Canadian bent down to it, but the jaguar was dead; the hunter's bullet had entered its brain through the right eye, and killed it on the spot. At the howl of the brute, and the sound of Brighteye's rifle, Don Miguel opened his eyes, and suddenly raised himself on his elbow, with a terrified look, and features contracted by a strange and terrible emotion, which reddened his face.

"Help, help!" he shouted in a thundering voice.

"Here I am!" Brighteye exclaimed, as he rose up, and forced him to lie down again.

Don Miguel looked at him.

"Who are you?" he said, at the expiration of a minute; "what do you want with me? I do not know you."

"That is true," the hunter said, imperturbably, and addressing him like a child, "but you will soon know me: do not be alarmed; for the moment, it is enough for you to know that I am a friend."

"A friend?" the wounded man repeated, trying to restore order in his ideas, which were still confused, "what friend?"

"By Jove!" the hunter said, "you do not

count them by thousands, I suppose; I have been your friend for some hours past. I saved you at the moment when you were dying."

"But all that tells me nothing—teaches me nothing. How am I here? how are you here?"

"Those are a good many questions all at once, and it is impossible for me to answer them; you are wounded, and your state forbids any conversation. Will you drink?"

"Yes," Don Miguel answered, mechanically.

Brighteye held his gourd to him.

"Still," he continued, after a moment, "I have not been dreaming."

"Who knows?"

"Those shots, the shouts I heard?"

"Quite a trifle;—a jaguar I killed, and which you can see a few yards off."

There was silence for a few minutes: Don Miguel was thinking deeply; light was beginning to dawn on his mind, his memory was returning. The hunter anxiously followed on the young man's face the incessant progress of returning thought. At length a flash of intelligence lit up the young man's eye, and fixing his feverish glance on the old hunter, he asked him,—

"How long is it since you saved me?"

"Scarce three hours."

"Then, since the events which brought me here—there has only passed—?"

"One night."

"Yes!" the young man continued in a deep voice, a terrible voice, "I fancied I was dead."

"You only escaped by a miracle."

"Thanks."

"I was not alone."

"Who else came to my assistance? tell me his name, that I may preserve it preciously in my memory."

"Marksman."

"Marksman!" the wounded man exclaimed, tenderly, "always he. Oh! I ought to have expected that name, for he loves me."

"Yes."

"And what is your name?"

"Brighteye."

The young man trembled, and held out his arm.

"Your hand," he said; "you were right just now in saying you were a friend; you have been so for a long time, Marksman has often spoken to me about you."

"We have been connected for thirty years."

"I know it: but where is he, that I do not see him?"

"He went, about two hours back, to the camp of the Cuadrilla, to bring help."

"He thinks of everything."

"I remained here to watch over and take care of you during his absence; but he will soon return."

"Do you believe that I shall be long helpless?"

"No; your wounds are not serious. What floors you at this moment is the moral shock you received, and chiefly the blood you lost when you fell in a fainting state into the Rubio."

"Then that river—"

"Is the Rubio."

"I am, then, on the spot where the struggle ended?"

"Yes."

"How many days do you think I shall remain in this state?"

"Four or five at the most."

There was silence for several minutes.

"You told me that it is the weakness of my senses, produced by the moral shock I received, which overpowers me, I think?" Don Miguel began again.

"Yes, I said so."

"Do you believe that a firm and powerful will could produce a favorable reaction?"

"I do."

"Give me your hand."

"There it is."

"Good; now help me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Get up."

"By Jove! I was right in saying you were a man. Come, I consent; have a try."

After a few minutes spent in fruitless efforts, Don Miguel at length succeeded in standing upright.

"At last!" he said, triumphantly.

At the first step he took, he lost his balance, and rolled on the ground. Brighteye rushed toward him.

"Leave me," he shouted to him, "leave me; I wish to get up by myself."

He succeeded: this time he took his precautions better, and succeeded in walking a few steps. Brighteye regarded him with admiration.

"Oh! the will must subdue the matter," Don Miguel continued, with frowning brow and swollen veins, "I will succeed."

"You will kill yourself."

"No, for I must live; give me something to drink."

For the second time Brighteye handed him the gourd; the young man eagerly raised it to his lips.

"Now!" he exclaimed, with a feverish accent, as he returned the gourd to the hunter, "to horse."

"What, to horse?" Brighteye said, with stupefaction.

"Yes; I must be moving."

"Why, that is madness."

"Let me alone, I tell you, I will hold on; but as the wound in the left arm prevents my getting into the saddle, I must claim your assistance."

"You wish it."

"I insist on it."

"Be it so; and may God be merciful to us."

"He will protect us, be assured."

Brighteye helped the young man into the saddle: against the hunter's previsions, he kept firm and upright.

"Now," he said, "take up your jaguar's skin, and let us be off."

"Where are we going?"

"To the camp: Marksman will be greatly astonished to see me, when he believes me half dead."

Brighteye silently followed the young man; he gave up any further attempts to understand this strange character.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

In spite of Don Miguel's firm will to overcome the pain, the horse's movement occasioned him a degree of suffering which made his features quiver, and drops of cold perspiration stand on his face, which was pale as that of a corpse; at times his sight troubled him, he found everything turning around him, he tottered in his saddle, and held on convulsively to his horse's mane through fear of falling.

"Stupid matter," he muttered, in a hoarse voice, "shall I not succeed in conquering you?"

Then he redoubled his efforts to seem apathetic, smiled on Brighteye, and gayly addressed him.

For the first time in his life, the old hunter felt himself nonplussed; though he ransacked his memory to try and find an analogous circumstance to this in the course of his varied life, to his great regret he was forced to confess to himself that he had never witnessed anything like it. This annoyed him, and he therefore walked with a dissatisfied air by the young man's side.

Still they advanced. Suddenly, however, they heard the sound of horses near them on the trail they were following.

"Here is Marksman," Don Miguel said.

"That is probable."

"He will be greatly astonished to meet me coming toward the help he is bringing."

"That is certain."

"Let us hurry our horses on a little."

Brighteye looked at him.

"You have sworn, then, to bring on a congestion of the brain?" he said to him plainly.

"How so?" the young man asked, in surprise.

"By Jove! that is easy to see," the hunter went on, hastily; "for an hour you have been committing one act of madness after the other; but do not deceive yourself, Caballero, what you take for strength is only fever. It is that alone which sustains you, so take care, do not obstinately continue an impossible struggle, from which, I warn you, you will not emerge the victor. I let you act as you pleased, because I saw no harm in doing so up to the present; but, believe me, you have done enough. You have measured your strength, and know what you are capable of doing under urgent circumstances. That is all you want; so now let us stop and wait."

"Thank you," Don Miguel said, cordially squeezing his hand; "you are really my friend, your rude words prove it to me. Yes, I am a madman; but what would you? I am in a strange position, when every hour I lose may entail extreme dangers on myself and other persons, and I am afraid of succumbing before I have accomplished the task which misfortune has imposed on me."

"You will succumb much sooner if you will not be reasonable. Four or five days are soon passed; and, besides, what you cannot do, your friends will accomplish."

"That is true. You make me blush for myself. I am not only mad, but also ungrateful."

"Come, do not talk about that any more. The noise is approaching. They are probably your companions; still they might be enemies, for everything must be expected in the desert. Let us enter this thicket, where we shall be perfectly concealed from the eyes of the comers. If it be Marksman, we will show ourselves; if not, we will keep close."

Don Miguel warmly approved of the idea, for he understood that, in case of a fight, he should be but slight help to his companion in his present condition. The two men disappeared in the thicket, which closed on them, and they awaited, pistol in hand, the arrival of the persons.

Brighteye was not mistaken. It was really Marksman, returning with some fifteen Gambusinos. When they were only a few paces off, the two horsemen showed themselves. Marksman could not believe his eyes. He did not understand how the man he had left deprived of consciousness, stretched out on the ground like an inert and almost lifeless body, had possessed the strength to come and meet him, and to sit so upright and firm in his saddle.

Don Miguel enjoyed for a little while his triumph, and the admiration he inspired in these men, with whom the whole supremacy is that of strength, and then bent down with a smile to Marksman.

"You are not the less welcome with the help you bring me," he said, in a low voice; "this help has become, at this moment, very necessary, if not indispensable; for my resolution alone keeps me in the saddle."

"You must make haste to return to the camp, and, for fear of accident, lie down on a litter."

"A litter?" Don Miguel objected.

"You must believe me. It is urgent that you should reassume, as soon as possible, the command of your Cuadrilla, so do not waste your strength in useless bravado."

Don Miguel bowed without replying, for he understood the truth of the hunter's remark. So, after getting off his horse with the aid of the two Canadians, he himself ordered his companions to make the litter in which he should be carried to the camp.

Marksman passed his arm through the young man's, and, making a sign to Brighteye to follow them, led him a few paces from the party, and made him sit down on the grass.

"Now that you are in a condition to answer me, profit by the time during which your litter is being made. You have plenty to tell me."

The young man sighed.

"Question me," he said.

"Yes, that will be better. How and by whom were you attacked?"

"I cannot tell you. It is a strange history; so confused that it is impossible for me, in spite of all my efforts, to disentangle it."

"No matter. Tell me what happened to you; perhaps we, who are better accustomed to the prairies than yourself, will find a thread which will guide us through this apparently inextricable labyrinth."

Don Miguel then told all the facts that had occurred, in all their detail. At the name of Addick, Marksman frowned; when the Mexican spoke of Don Stephano, the hunters exchanged an intelligent glance; but when the young man reached that singular turn in the combat when, on the point of succumbing, he had been suddenly surrounded by strangers, who disappeared as if by enchantment, after disengaging him, the hunters displayed marks of the greatest surprise.

"Such," Don Miguel concluded "was the odious ambush into which I fell; and to which I should have been a victim, if you had not arrived so opportunely to save me. Now that you know all as well as I do, what is your opinion?"

"Hum!" the hunter said; "all that is really very extraordinary. There is at the bottom of the affair a dark machination, carried out with diabolical skill and perversity which startles me. I have certain suspicions which I wish first to clear up; hence, I cannot give you my opinion at once. Before all, I must investigate certain matters; but trust to me for that. But these men who came so fortunately to your help—did you not see them?—did you not speak to them?"

"You forget," Don Miguel said, with a smile, "that they appeared in the thick of the fight; brought, as it were, by the hurricane, that raged so furiously. The time would have been badly chosen for conversation."

"That is true; I did not know what I was saying. But," the hunter added, striking the ground with the butt of his rifle, "I will not be beaten. I swear to you that I shall soon have discovered who your enemies are, whatever care they may take, and precautions employ, to conceal themselves."

"Oh, I intend to go in pursuit of them, so soon as I have got back my strength."

"You, Caballero," Marksman remarked, dryly, "have first to get well. On reaching your camp, you will have to shut yourself up as in a citadel, and not take a step till you have seen me again."

"What! do you intend to leave me, then?"

"Brighteye and myself are going to start directly. We should be of no use to you, while we may be of service elsewhere."

"What do you intend to do?"

"On our return you shall know all."

"I cannot remain in such a state of uncertainty. Besides, I do not understand you."

"Yet it is clear enough. I intend, aided by Brighteye, to tear the mask from this Don Stefano—a mask which, in my opinion, hides a very ugly countenance—to know who this man is, and why he is such an obstinate enemy to you."

"Thanks, Marksman; now I am easy in my mind. Go; do all that seems proper to you. I am convinced that you will accomplish everything that can be humanly accomplished. But, before separating, promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Promise me, that so soon as you have obtained all the information you are going to seek, you will bring it to me, without undertaking anything against this man, on whom I intend to take personally—you understand me, Marksman, personally—exemplary vengeance."

"That is your affair. I shall not interfere with you. Every man has his task in this world; the man is your enemy, and not mine. So soon as I have succeeded in bringing you face to face, or at least putting you opposite each other in an equal position, you will do as you please. I shall wash my hands of it."

"Good, good!" Don Miguel muttered. "If any day I hold that demon in my clutches, as he held me in his, he shall not escape, I swear!"

"So it is settled, we can start?"

"When you please.

Brighteye had hitherto listened calmly to the conversation; but at this remark he stepped forward, and laid his hand on Marksman's arm.

"One moment," he said.

"What! more last words?" the hunter answered.

"Only a word; but one which, I fancy, possesses some value in the present state of affairs."

"Make haste, then."

"You wish to discover who this Don Stefano is, as he thinks proper to call himself, and I approve it; but there is another matter, I fancy, quite as serious, which we ought to try and make out first."

"What is it?"

Brighteye turned his head to the right, and then to the left, bent his body slightly forward, and lowering his voice so that the persons he addressed could hardly hear him, he continued, in a severe tone—

"Desert life in no way resembles that in the towns. Down there people know each other slightly or intimately, either by name or through personal relations; they are frequently connected by interests more or less direct; in a word, socialities exist between all the inhabitants of towns, attaching them one to the other, and forming them, as it were, into one family. In the desert this is no longer the case; egotism and personality are the masters; the "I" is the supreme law: each man only thinks of himself, only acts for himself, and I will say, further, only loves himself."

"Cut it short, for goodness sake, Brighteye; cut it short!" Marksman said, impatiently. "What the deuce are you driving at?"

"Patience!" the imperturbable Canadian said; "patience, and you shall know. In short, then, in the desert, unless a man has lived for years side by side with another—sharing pain and pleasure, good fortune and ill, with him—he lives alone, without friends, only counting indifferent persons as enemies. In the trap to which Don Miguel almost fell a victim last night, two sorts of people revealed themselves spontaneously to him.—These were, first, inveterate enemies, and then equally staunch friends. Do not fancy," the hunter continued, growing warm, "that I have not calculated the range of the words I have just made use of; you would be greatly mistaken. Does it not seem strange to you, as it does to me, now that you are cool, and reason in all the plenitude of your faculties,—does it not seem strange to you, I repeat, that, at a given moment, without it being possible to know how or why—these men suddenly emerged, as it were, from the ground, to lend you a hand; then, when the danger was past, or nearly so, they disappeared as suddenly as they came, leaving no trace of their passage, and not breaking the incognito which covered them,—is not this strange—answer?"

"In truth," Marksman muttered, "I did not think of that till now: the conduct of these men is inexplicable."

"That is exactly what must be explained!" Brighteye exclaimed, violently. "The prairie is not so densely populated that, at a given moment, and amid a frightful hurricane, should be men ready to defend you for the mere satisfaction of doing so; those people must have had secret motives for doing so, and that object it is urgent for us to discover. Who tells us that they did not form part of the band which attacked you? that it was not a trick to seize you more easily—a part of the game, the execution of which our unforeseen presence destroyed? I repeat to you, we must, before all, find these men, know who they are, and what they want; in a word, whether they are friends or enemies."

"It is very late now to undertake such a search," Don Miguel observed.

The two hunters smiled, as they exchanged a significant glance.

"Very late for you, certainly, who do not possess the key of the desert," Brighteye replied; "but with us it is different."

"Yes," Marksman supported him: "let us only find a trace of their passage, however light it may be—a footstep on the damp sand, so as to hold one end of their trail—that will be enough to reach the other, and we shall give a good account of these strangers, whose conduct, as Brighteye observed very truly, is too strange and too fine to be honest."

"Oh, why cannot I follow you?" Don Miguel exclaimed, regretfully.

"Get well first; then, I am certain, your part will begin; for, before three days, we shall bring you all the information you want to-day, and without which you can effect nothing."

"So you promise me that in three days—"

"Yes, in three days we shall return from our expedition; trust to our promise, and nurse yourself, so as to be able to begin the campaign at once."

"I shall be ready."

"So, now, good-bye! the sun is already high in the heavens; we have not a moment to lose."

"Good-bye, and good luck!"

The hunters cordially pressed Don Miguel's hand, remounted their horses, and went off rapidly in the direction of the Rubio ford.—The Chief of the Gambusinos, laid on a litter, went quickly back to his camp, which he reached a little before sunset.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE'S REVOLUTIONS.—While sudden and violent revolutions impend over nations, nature is accomplishing, slowly and silently, far more portentous changes. There are harbors famed for ages as commercial centres, from which the sea is gradually withdrawing its waters. The deltas of great rivers grow by accumulation from year to year, till the rivers themselves forsake them and seek new channels. The Sea of Azof, the outlet of the commerce of the Don, is rapidly becoming a vast and impenetrable marsh. Between two measurements, thirty-two years apart, its depth has diminished eleven feet; and the prediction of Strabo may yet be accomplished, that some time both the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea will become a waste tract of intermingled lakes and morasses. The largest river of Central Asia, the OXUS, according to the unanimous testimony of ancient authors, rolled its waters into the Caspian Sea. In modern times it has emptied into the Sea of Aral. But it seems to be about to resume its ancient channel to the Caspian, an event which would revolutionize the conditions of commerce between Europe and Asia. The Oxus would then recover its renown as a great highway of nations. The Euphrates, also, is leaving its ancient bed from a point above Killah, and taking a more westerly course. Year by year the new channel receives a large proportion of its waters; the stream that adheres to the old channel has already ceased to produce the inundations, which, like those of the Nile, can alone fertilize its borders; the country adjacent to the ruins of Babylon begins to wear the aspect of hopeless aridity; and the ancient capital of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar will soon make the centre of a desert. Nor does the river promise to fertilize a new district, but loses itself in the innumerable lakes and marshes which extend to the Persian Gulf.

NUMBER THREE.—General Halleck's celebrated order, closing his lines against the "contraband" class, which has been explained away by Mr. Frank Blair for the satisfaction of Congress and others, has now, it seems, also explained itself away—by falling into practical desuetude. A St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes:

"Gen. Halleck's Order No. 3 is the laughing stock of the army, and, if the truth must be told, Gen. Halleck has himself violated the spirit of it by ordering negroes to be seized to repair the railroad, and by releasing the sixteen held in custody by the sheriff. The order is continually represented as a dead letter in every camp in the state. They will not execute it, and the officers are loth to attempt to force them to do it. Fugitive negroes are treated the same as fugitive white persons. They are subject to the same distinctions in our lines as whites, and if set to work, allowed to earn their rations by service. What a pity that it is not rescinded by name as in practice."

GOV. CURTIN'S MESSAGE.

Gov. Curtin's message to the Legislature shows that the receipts at the Treasury for the year were $6,743,525, with a balance from the previous year of $681,483. The expenditures were $5,873,352, and the present balance is $15,651,605. The loan of May last was taken at par. A recommendation is made that the act for the sale of the railroads and canals be so amended that the benefits of the act shall not accrue to any purchasers when debts are due to the Commonwealth by the company selling. The rebellion is referred to, and the military preparations of the state to aid the General Government in subduing it. The number of men enlisting from Pennsylvania is 109,615, of whom 93,577 are in actual service. This is exclusive of 20,178 three months men, whose time has expired.

Volunteers now in the field:—		
Infantry, sixty-six regiments and seven companies,	71,896	men
Cavalry, eleven regiments and six companies,	13,268	"
Artillery, one regiment and six companies,	2,013	"
	87,177	"
Enlisted in other organizations, but now being commissioned by the state,	6,400	"
Total now in service in the field,	93,577	"
Volunteers now in camp, and preparing for the field:—		
Infantry, twelve regiments,	13,052	
Cavalry, one regiment and one company,	1,245	
Artillery, one regiment and four companies,	1,701	
	16,038	men
Aggregate now in the field and in camp,	109,615	"
To these are to be added the three months volunteers,	20,178	"
Grand total,	129,793	"

So that it will be seen that Pennsylvania has contributed soldiers to the war to the enormous aggregate of nearly ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND MEN, of whom about twenty thousand only were for three months, and nearly *one hundred and ten thousand are for three years or the war.*

Of this grand army of Pennsylvania, two regiments are at Annapolis, eight with Gen. Banks, *five in South Carolina*, one in North Carolina, two at Fortress Monroe, five and a fraction in Kentucky, two and a fraction in Western Virginia, one at Cockeysville, Maryland, and the rest, including the gallant Reserve, in or near Washington.

The General Government has refunded to the state $600,000 on account of war expenses. The military accounts, it is expected, will be examined, so that the state may receive a credit for the balance, to be applied to the payment of the direct tax, saving thereby fifteen per cent., and obviating any present increase of taxation. A large quantity of arms has been collected for state defence, which are deposited in the arsenals, or are in the hands of mechanics being repaired. Measures are in progress for improving the defences of the Delaware and on Lake Erie, and it is recommended that the state take proper means to defend these approaches, if Congress does not speedily act. The site of a National armory, the Governor thinks, may be advantageously found in Pennsylvania. The banks, he thinks, should be relieved of all penalties for suspending specie payments.

Manufacturing Public Opinion

IN FAVOR OF THE SOUTH.

[From the Montreal (Canada) Witness.]

The slaveholders of the Southern states have one characteristic of the children of this world in a very high degree. They are wise in their generation. They have been preparing for their great secession for years with all the subtlety of the serpent; and they have, as one means of securing aid and comfort for their cause, sought and obtained a strong feeling in their favor in Britain and her dependencies. By artful representations that the secession movement was for liberty and free trade, when it was really for slavery, they have secured many powerful advocates; and they have been, it is believed, skilful in the use of still more direct inducements to manufacture public opinion in favor of their cause.

The results of this engineering are obvious. In the West Indies, for instance, British neutrality is very one sided. Everything that can be done without transgressing the law of nations, is done for Southern belligerents; and everything, within the same limits, against Northern belligerents. This is not very extraordinary, seeing the frequent intercourse between the West Indies and the Southern states, and the aristocratic pro-slavery feeling which almost everywhere prevails among officials and officers.

The leading paper of Britain, and perhaps of the world, followed by a host of satellites, has gone thoroughly for the South, and against the North, in a way that is a perfect disgrace to British fairness. Everything that tells in favor of one side is magnified and set in the most favorable light, whilst everything injurious to the other is "set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote, to cast into her teeth." This unanimity, vigor, patriotism, and self sacrifice of the Northern states are sneered at and misrepresented in a manner worthy of Mephistopheles himself; whilst their very error, weakness, and fault is made the most of. It is not, however, surprising that the Times should take the pro-slavery side; it has always done so. In all questions respecting West India slavery it has been on the side of the planters, merchants and capitalists; and when their views conflicted with humanity and justice, the Times was always in antagonism with both. The unscrupulous character of the "leading journal" in this respect, has been the subject of remark for many years; and it is one of the reproaches of England that such a wrong-principled paper should be its most prominent organ. The Times, we believe, cannot be bribed with secession gold; but its instincts are upon the side of aristocracy, slavery, and cotton, versus human rights and human freedom; and those instincts are shown, in the present struggle, in the most malignant manner. It is doing its very best to incite the British nation to war with the United States at this time, as the best opportunity for overthrowing what it calls "unbridled democracy"—aiding slavery and other aristocratic institutions, and obtaining cotton to promote commerce and manufactures.

It is in Canada, however, that the greatest triumphs of secession intrigue may be seen. The West Indies—on account of near neighborhood, long mutual acquaintance, and frequent intercourse—was doubtless predisposed to favor the South. England has the powerful inducements of free trade and cotton to draw her sympathies in that direction; but the intercourse and interests of Canada were all with the North, and to have secured so much as they have done of public opinion here, in favor of Dixie, shows no little ability in manufacturing public opinion on the part of the knot of clever secessionists who have been residing for some months in Canada.

☞ Would it be of any use to a man desirous of becoming a public speaker, to connect himself with a spoke factory?

CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

DRUNKENNESS OF THE OFFICERS AND DEMORALIZATION OF THE MEN.

From the Richmond Examiner of January 2.

THE CONDITION OF OUR ARMY.—The present condition of our army is a cause of severe and painful anxiety. The courage of our troops is not abated; the eagerness for the fray is not relaxed, and yet demoralization is creeping in, we really believe, from the insane and reckless neglect of the Government to sustain and to cultivate the spirit of our soldiers.

There is too much drunkenness among the officers on the Potomac, and too much vacant idling among the men. We are informed, as a positive fact, that in the majority of the army on the Potomac the practice of regimental drills has fallen into complete disuse. This alone would be sufficient to demoralize any army in circumstances such as ours. The drill is not only essential for schooling the soldier; it fulfills other vastly important and essential purposes. It develops and educates the *physique*, fortifies the soldier against disease: and, what is perhaps the most important moral consideration of all, gives him occupation for a portion of his time each day, and protects him, at least measurably, against that canker-worm of the army, ennui. What can be predicted but utter demoralization for an army whose condition is that of tens of thousands of men, living in utter idleness, groveling in their tents, with no other occupation than what is afforded by the greasy pack of cards that is the inevitable inmate of every tent, or the yellow-covered novel, whose wretched and perhaps filthy entertainment has more than once gone the rounds of the company.

We cannot shut our *eyes* to the fact that the army is becoming a name of terror and dread to the minds of our citizens. The newspapers are still filled with advertisements of bounties for "substitutes," although the War Department has adopted a rule restricting the number of substitutions to one in each company. The rates paid for substitutes are enormous. We are informed that they average from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars; and we have been told of a recent instance where fifteen hundred dollars was paid for the prompt procurement of a substitute to take the place of a private suddenly constrained to leave the army. Evidences stare us in the face of the unwillingness of men to accept the life of famine, dirt and vacant idleness in the army. Richmond is filled with soldiers who have come out of the hospitals, or who have got here on some pretence or other, applying for discharges, and striving and wriggling in all sorts of ways to get out of the army. It was but a few days ago that a soldier, discharged from one of the hospitals here, committed suicide rather than be constrained to return to the army.

There is no unwillingness among our young men to serve their country. There are thousands who would willingly go with their lives on their sleeves to battle with the enemy, and to attest a devoted and courageous patriotism, but who dread to betake themselves to the wretched, half-fed life of dirt, vacancy and idleness in the camps. This is the restraint upon volunteering. The government will in vain essay to remove it by a bounty law for re-enlistments—the provision of which, by the way, for company re-organization, has already, we understand, proved a fruitful source of intrigue and demoralization in our army—without other measures that will reach to the root of the evil. The authorities at Richmond may assure themselves that, as long as the health of the army is neglected, and it is maintained in its dirty, sluggard condition, the drills neglected, the half rations of commissaries winked at, the rowdyism of officers passed over, and the vacancy and idleness of "*a defensive policy*" held out as rewards to volunteering, the army will not be filled and replenished but from few classes of our people.

Why was it that, when our soldiers were daily dying by hundreds, the government did not show the common humanity of the small measure of instituting a medical commission to examine the camps, and, if possible, check the progress and ravages of disease? Why was it that, when the government had control of the whole line of transportation from the Carolinas and Louisiana to the depots at Manassas and Centreville, and could have bought sugar in New Orleans, at three cents, it permitted our army to suffer for months for rice, sugar and molasses, and winked at the practice of buying sugar from the sutlers at forty cents a pound? Why is it that to-day the government reeks not what it reads, and tolerates habits of intemperance among officers and the disuse of regimental drills in our army on the Potomac? All of these sets of omission and negligence, which have contributed to the demoralization of our army, might have been avoided. It is not too late to repair them.

All are firmly convinced that the reform of the condition of our army who a wise and firm hand and the holding out of rewards, not to avarice or idleness, but to the true patriotic enthusiasm of our country in the prospect of an active military policy and of a share of military glory, will provide the best security for re-enlistment and the most successful stimulant to volunteering. We are firmly convinced that no other measures will restore the spirit of the volunteer and the enthusiasm of the country.

THE WAR COMMENCED.—ENGLISH INSULT ON OUR FISH MERCHANTS.—A correspondent from Provincetown informs us that when the Rinaldo arrived off that place at break of day on Wednesday morning, some fishermen went alongside to dispose of their fish. While a little boy of the party was trading, one of the sailors of the Rinaldo supplied himself with a couple of haddocks, and refused to pay for them. This is worse than the Trent affair—for the haddocks were fresh fish, whereas Messrs. Mason and Slidell are only stale politicians. It is to be hoped that our Government will demand restitution and an apology, particularly as the forcible removal of the fish from the boat, instead of the seizure of both boat and fish, makes the transaction lawless, according to standard English authorities, and an insult "intolerable and not to be endured" by the Cape Codders "or any other man."—*Boston Journal.*

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—A letter from Port Royal relates the following curious incident. The 1st Connecticut three months regiment, which participated in the battle of Bull Run, were furnished with canteens of peculiar construction and shape, unlike those of any other regiment. A great many of them were thrown away and left on the field. Sergeant Savage, a member of that regiment, now of Co. A, 7th Connecticut regiment on duty at Beaufort on Sunday, Nov. 10th, picked up there the identical canteen he lost at Bull Run, unmistakably identified, not only by its singular shape, but also by his own name, which was scratched upon it.

☞ Sipples, one of the jolliest members of the craft, on being asked if he intended to enlist, replied that he was the poorest hand in the world to stop balls; he never touched even a fish-ball but it went through him. His determination to stay at home is fixed.

ENGLISH PROTESTS

AGAINST THE POPULAR MADNESS.

Richard Cobden and John Bright have both uttered loud and clear rebukes of the selfish and ungenerous spirit which has animated of late so large a portion of the British people. John Bright's speech at Rochdale was an earnest and truly eloquent effort and attracted great attention. We regret that we have not a copy of it at present in hand, to give our readers a sample of its powerful reasoning and *just* sentiment.

THE DIAL'S PROTEST.—The London Dial of Dec. 6, speaks boldly out against England's going to war on the simple point that Capt. Wilkes violated the law of nations in not taking the Trent as a prize, and says:—

"Under any circumstances we could not approve of war on this issue. Unless it is folly or hypocrisy to talk of Christianity as defining the duty of nations, the nation commits a sin which goes to war to avenge a petty insult. It would be preposterous to maintain that the existence, the prosperity, or any real interest of England is at stake in the present instance. It is beyond doubt that by reference to arbitration the affair could be honorably settled, and we cannot conceive any Christian man affirming that, except in case of necessity, it is lawful for a nation to shed torrents of blood. For success in a war arising out of this quarrel, no Christian minister could pray, no Christian soldier could fight. Every Gardiner, every Havelock, would lay down his sword. Mr. Bright has set a good example to our public men, and we call upon influential members of Parliament to step forward and declare that war in such a quarrel would be a disgrace to our country."

REV. NEWMAN HALL'S ADDRESS.—That distinguished British divine, Rev. Newman Hall, addressed an assembly of 3,000 workingmen at the Surry Chapel, London, on the 9th ult. In the course of his address he said:

"At the lecture before the Young Men's Association, at Exeter Hall, last Tuesday, I am informed that 'Rule Britannia' was performed on the organ, and rapturously encored. If the audience simply meant to express feelings of patriotism, I should heartily have concurred with them. No doubt it was so. But some people seem to imagine that Britannia has a right to rule the waves—that the ocean is her freehold—that she may do what she pleases there—and that other nations must not be allowed to act as in a manner which is quite justifiable in ourselves. Need I say that such a sentiment is most unjust and monstrous? (Hear.) If this were carried out we should always be at war with every commercial nation of the world. No, there are certain laws and customs to regulate affairs on the sea. By these we must abide as much as others; and, therefore, the first thing to be done is to discover what is the law, whether it has been broken, and what can be done to secure its observance in future. Let us then regard this question as one needing calmness of judgment, not violence and passion. Let the case be deliberately argued. If America meant not defiance but law, let us first ascertain what the law is—not demanding our interpretation as the true one, not admitting theirs—but referring the dispute to an impartial referee. (Cheers, and voices, 'That's good.')

"But it may be urged in apology for violent measures, 'Must we not at once vindicate the honor of our flag?' What! is our flag of so recent an invention, with so poor a history, enriched with so few memories of glory, that it will be dishonored by a short and dignified delay? Dishonored by not at once *fluttering* defiance against the freeman of the North; *but would it not be more dishonored by floating side by side with the flag of the slave traders*—(repeated cheers)—*slave breeders, slave drivers?* If there must be one or other dishonored, oh! spare us this latter! Never, never let the meteor flag of Britain be hoisted on the side of tyranny and oppression (great cheering). Suppose you are watching two men fighting, and one of them, all excited and irritable, chooses to be provoked by your looks, and shakes his fist in your face between the rounds. (Laughter and cheers). Would it be brave in you at once to fight him? No! Bravery would say, 'Wait a bit, my fine fellow—you've enough on your hands at present. I'm too much of a man to accept your challenge just now. Finish affairs with your antagonist first—two at once isn't fair. You may think better of it perhaps by-and-by.' Now, I ask you, would not that be braver than at once accepting such a man's defiance? (Cheers).

"Once more, working men, I beseech you, do what you can to allay the unreasonable, unchristian war spirit that now prevails. Ponder on what I have said, and, in opposition to much that you hear and read, let my arguments, if you deem them valid, persuade you to do your utmost for the preservation of peace. I am not one of those who condemn war under all circumstances; but I consider in this case *war would be most wicked.* I am not one of those who advocate peace at any price; but I do earnestly plead for peace now, and I ask you all to help. Let each do what he can to roll back the tide of angry passion. Oh! by all the untold horrors of angry war; by the tenfold terribleness of a war between brothers; by the sufferings of a negro race, who look on with alarm lest you should join their oppressors to rivet their chains; by the aspirations of the long down-trodden people of Hungary and Italy, whose enemies will exult if the great champions of freedom contend with each other instead of making common cause against tyranny; by the interests of the world, which will look on aghast to see its civilizers and evangelists engaged in mortal combat, instead of prosecuting, in holy rivalry, enterprises of benevolence; by the principles of Christianity; by the example of Jesus; by the law of God—I beseech you cast in your influence on the side of peace and loudly proclaim, '*We will have no war with America.*'" (Loud and repeated applause.)

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—Letters have been received in this city, giving an account of a memorial which was addressed by the Society in England to the Government, asking that all due measures might be taken to prevent a war between England and America. The memorial was dated December 12th, and was addressed to Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell. It set forth the belief of the Society that war was unlawful for a Christian, and that bloodshed between two countries so closely allied would prove a serious injury to the human race. It spoke of the *entente cordiale* heretofore existing between the nations, and appealed to the British Queen to make an amicable adjustment of the Mason and Slidell difficulty by arbitration. Europe, in the opinion of the framers of the memorial, would be ungenerous to drive matters to extremity with the United States, "at a time when they were engaged in a struggle for their national integrity, if not for their national existence." It was further urged that, after the sacrifices made by England to abolish slavery, it would be humiliating for the nation to be engaged in active co-operation with the South. They say:—

"We would further suggest that, after the vast sacrifices which England has made for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery in our own possessions, and by other countries, which has been an object so consistently promoted through life by the statesmen whom we are now addressing, it would be deeply humiliating if, by being involved in this war, our country should ultimately find itself in active co-operation with the South and Slavery against the North and Freedom; though, in saying this, we do not intend to express our approval, in all respects, of the course pursued by the North in reference to slavery."

The memorial also contains the following passages:

"A question of international law which, if it could be submitted to a competent tribunal of able jurists, whether European or American, or to the mediation or arbitration of any independent state, might probably in a few hours be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, appears to be in imminent danger of occasioning a vast destruction of human life, a prodigious waste of treasure, a total interruption of trade and social intercourse, and an incalculable amount of moral evil; while it is just as impossible, in the nature of things, for the question of right or wrong to be really cleared up by such an appeal to the sword, as it was for the guilt or innocence of the accused in mediæval times to be settled by the wager of battle or the passage over burning ploughshares.

"May He who ruleth in the earth by His Providence, as well as by His grace, grant that the wisdom which is from above, and which is pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, may so prevail in the councils of the two Governments, and in the hearts of the people, that the impending scourge of war may be averted from the kindred nations, on each side of the Atlantic, and from the waters of that ocean which should unite rather than divide them."

Rebels Prompting the Federal Government.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Jan. 2.

The developments of the last four weeks of the war have been the most remarkable that have occurred during its entire progress. The beginning of December saw the Yankees in full force, apparently ready for decisive battle at all the important points of the frontier. On the Potomac they had the best appointed army on the continent, stated by their own authorities to be two hundred thousand strong. In Kentucky they had massed together two immense forces, of thirty to fifty thousand each, which menaced Columbus and Bowling Green, and all indications pointed with certainty to an immediate advance upon our lines, at a time when we were weak and very poorly able to withstand assault from heavy columns. Zollicoffer was pressed before Cumberland Gap by a force more than double his own; Pound Gap was at the mercy of Nelson, having only a thousand men to oppose against ten thousand; Rosecranz was on the Gauley with an army which he now confesses to have been fifteen thousand strong, against Floyd, having only twenty-three hundred; Reynolds was on Cheat Mountain with five thousand, opposed by Johnson with only twelve or fourteen hundred; and Sherman *had succeeded in landing fifteen or twenty thousand men at Beaufort, while we had in that region at the time but a few thousand forces, little better than militia, poorly provided with arms and ammunition.* And to crown all, the splendid weather invited them to the charge.

Then was presented the golden opportunity to strike at every one of these points. *Bold, effective blows, stricken then simultaneously by all their armies, could not have failed to crush our strength in several quarters, and put a gloomy face upon our affairs.* Success at Columbus and Bowling Green would have been almost annihilating to our fortunes in the west. Success at Cumberland and Pound Gaps would have cut our connection with Tennessee and Kentucky irretrievably. Success in capturing our army in the Kanawha would have laid open all middle Western Virginia next spring to the easy invasion of the enemy. *A vigorous push from Beaufort, upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, would have separated these two cities, and cut our army of the seaboard in two.*

But the enemy have let the golden opportunity slip through their fingers. *They have allowed us time to make good our defences in every threatened quarter.* The energy of the Southern people has been aroused by the imminent danger, and we are now safe in every point where before we were so vulnerable. *Our danger is passed, and we are now at liberty to speculate upon the blindness or imbecility which prevented the enemy from using an opportunity which will never return to him.*

To what cause is the enemy's failure everywhere to advance attributable? It clearly was not due to the want of men, to the want of supplies, or to the want of preparation in facilities of every character. No troops were ever better armed, better clothed, or better furnished with provisions and ammunition. This was not only the case with particular corps, but was the case with all. And yet, though fully prepared for effective operations, though the whole world was expecting heavy blows to be struck and decisive results to be achieved, their armies everywhere either remained stock still, or ignominiously and most strangely and suddenly stampeded from an imaginary and non-pursuing foe.

There can be but one solution for this most strange phenomenon. The Yankees do not enlist to fight; they enlist only to draw pay. The cessation of Southern trade having put a stop to their factories and mechanical trades, the operatives have had no other means of livelihood than enlistment; the clerks and foremen have, under the same necessity, taken lieutenancies and captaincies, and the bosses are forced to play colonels. They have all gone into the army as a means of livelihood, and without any sort of intention to throw away their lives.

They took to the army to keep body and soul together, and without the remotest thought of employing that method for separating the two. Accordingly, when McClellan orders an advance from the Potomac, as he is said to have done repeatedly, these well-fed, well-clothed, well-paid and salaried men of war persistently do not march. So in Kentucky, where they had every opportunity for a victory, and so at Beaufort, when the panic created by their landing invited an advance. All around the frontier they exhibit this same frugal regard for life and comfort, and the same stolid immobility under orders for an advance. We regard the last four weeks as decisive of the war, not merely by its results, or rather barrenness of results favorable to the enemy, but by its clear development of the fact that the Yankees have enlisted in the army for a living, and with a fixed objection to hard fighting.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—The transport fleet consists of six ships, two brigs, four barks, eighteen schooners ten steamers, nine propellers, five canal-boats, and four tugs—making in all fifty-eight. The war vessels intended to co-operate with the land force are mostly collected at Hampton Roads, where the transports were to rendezvous first after leaving Annapolis; but to what point the expedition may afterwards proceed is still a matter of mere conjecture among outsiders.

FREDERICK, MD., Jan. 10.—It is reported and believed, that Gen. Jackson has made his appearance before Romney, with the intention of making an attack on Gen. Kelly. It is probable that Kelly will be sufficiently strengthened before the attack is made.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The Government of Prussia has addressed a dispatch to the Minister of Prussia at Washington, in reference to the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, condemning the proceedings of the commander of the San Jacinto.

The London Times of the 25th, says:—"Count Rechberg has written dispatches to the Austrian Minister, at Washington, fully justifying the British demands in the case of the San Jacinto, and urging the American Government not to complicate their own affairs, by any hesitation in satisfying the just demands of the English Government."

As the nearest precedent yet quoted to the Trent case, the London Times draws attention to the affair of the Dutch brig Hendrick and Alida, captured by the British in 1777, while she was bound to a neutral port. She had on board five officers for the American army. The ship and officers were released by the British Admiralty, the judge ruling that although the officers frankly admitted their positions, yet, as they were passengers on a neutral ship, which sailed from a neutral port for another neutral port, the proximate destination of the passengers was entitled to be regarded as an innocent destination; and they were consequently set at liberty.

The Times claims that this case plainly establishes the principle that between one neutral port and another all persons and things whatsoever may be legally carried.

The English Board of Trade returns for November, showing a falling off in the exports of 8 per cent, as compared with the same month in 1860, is almost entirely made up of cotton manufactures. The decline of the eleven months is 7½ per cent.

In a letter written by the command of the Queen, it is stated that the only consolation she can hope to find in the rest of her life, under her sad and hopeless bereavement, is to endeavor to carry out the wishes and intentions of her beloved husband.

The iron frigate Defence had been ordered to be ready to sail on January 2nd, for Canada.

The British Government had decided to form a reserve at Bermuda.

The whole Coast Guard have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for the war.

Every regiment in the camp at Aldershott had been medically inspected, so that they might be in perfect readiness to embark immediately for Canada.

A body of trained nurses, on Miss Florence Nightingale's plan, were to proceed at once to Halifax.

The Army and Navy Gazette says that there is a prospect of trouble with the Sikhs. The batteries of artillery at Bombay, on the point of embarkation to England, were stopped by pressing dispatches from Bengal.

THE TRENT CASE.—The *Paris Debats* says: "Two days since the London *Morning Post* haughtily declared that the discussion upon the Trent affair was exhausted. Without wishing to displease the English journal, we think differently. If the subject is exhausted for the English Government, which settled it at its risk and peril in twenty-four hours, it certainly is not, and it is far from being settled in the public opinion of Europe, and even that of England. No; once again, whatever the English journals may say, *the discussion is not exhausted; it is scarcely commenced*, and we do not recognize the right of those journals to close it."

THE Memphis Appeal of the 5th, says:—"On Saturday, 500 well armed men left Arkansas for Osceola, Missouri, with two hundred wagons loaded with provisions, for Gen. Price. They also had eight rifled cannon."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been more active; sales comprise 20,000 bus, mostly good Western extra and extra family at $5,50@5,75 for the former, and $5,75@6 for the latter; 1000 bbls superfine, in lots, at from $5,12½ to 5,50 ℔ bbl for very low grade to good and choice brands. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 6,75 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is rather lower, with sales of about 500 bbls to note at $3,75, at which rate it is freely offered. Corn Meal is quiet, and Penna Meal is held at $3 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There is a good demand for Wheat. The week's sales reach about 55,000 bus at 130@137c for common to good and choice Western and Penna reds in store, mostly at 133@135 and 140@150c for white, as in quality, the latter for choice Western. Rye is steady, with further sales of Penna at 72@74c. Corn is unchanged; the receipts are light, and about 2',000 bus, mostly new Southern yellow, sold at 58@59c for good and prime dry lots. Of old the sales are limited at 59@60c. Oats are dull, 1000 bus, chiefly Penna, sold at 38c. Barley and Malt are quiet, with sales of the former at 75@80c. Of white Beans about 1000 bus have been disposed of at $1,87½@2 ℔ bus. Buckwheat is dull, and sales are reported at 50c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in barrelled meats, except to supply the government, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $12¾ ℔ bbl. Beef is steady at $10@14, with sales of 150 bbls Mess, mostly at the latter figures. Bacon moves off slowly at 6@8c for Hams; 5½@6c for Sides, and 4½@5c for Shoulders, cash and time. Of Green Meats the receipts and sales are limited at 5@6c for both Hams and Sides, and 3½@4½c for Shoulders in salt and pickle. Dress Hogs have been arriving and selling more freely at $4,25@4,75; 100 prime Ohio brought $5,35, and 300, sold since, at $4,35 the 100 lbs, which is a decline. Lard is plenty and dull at a decline on previous quotations, and 800 tcs and bbls Western sold mostly at 8c, cash, for prime; kegs sell slowly at 8¾@9¼c, cash and time. Butter is steady at 8@10c for Packed, and 13@15c for Roll. Cheese is unchanged, and we quote at 7@8c ℔ lb. Eggs are selling in lots at 18c ℔ doz.

COTTON—There is little or no demand, and a few lots have found buyers at from 33c to 37c, cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES—The market for both kinds is firm, with small sales at 6@6½c ℔ lb.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is limited, and about 50 hhds let No 1 have been taken, in lots, at $30@31 ℔ ton. In Tanners' Bark we hear of nothing doing.

BEESWAX continues scarce and wanted, with small receipts and sales at 32@33c ℔ lb.

COAL—There are very few orders coming in, and prices remain without change, and the demand for home use continues moderate.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and the market firm, with sales of 900 bags only to note, in small lots, at 18@19½c for low grade Rio; 22½@23c for Laguayra; 23c for Java, and 19½@19¾c for St Domingo, cash and time.

COPPER is dull but steady, and firm at the advance. Of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at 22c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue dull and unsettled, and we quote good Western at 38@38c.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at 63½@64½ for Green Apples, which are getting scarce, and $7@10 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is in better demand, with large sales of Apples at 5½@6½c, and unpared Peaches at 7@9½c ℔ lb, mostly at our highest figures, as to quality. Pared Peaches are scarce.

HAY meets with a steady demand, and good Timothy is worth 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is firmer, and foreign on the advance, but the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS are dull, and good Eastern and Western move off slowly at 20@22c ℔ lb.

IRON—There is a fair inquiry for Pig Metal, and about 1000 tons Anthracite have been taken, mostly at $30 for No 1, and $19, cash, for No 2. A sale of old Railroad Bars was made at $26 ℔ ton. In Manufactured Iron there is a steady business to note at fully former rates.

LEAD is scarce and firm, and the only sale made public is 600 pigs recast at $6,87½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The active season is over, but the stocks of most kinds are unusually light, and the demand fair at fully former rates.

MOLASSES—The market remains very quiet, and the sales limited to a few small lots of Cuba at 24@25c for Clayed, 26@27c for Muscovado, and Syrup at 34@38c, cash and 4 mos.

PLASTER—There is little or none arriving, and we quote Soft nominally at $2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE is firmly held, with a small business doing in Carolina at 5¾@6½c ℔ lb., mostly at the former rate, cash.

SEEDS—There is more demand for Clover-seed, and not much offering, with sales of about 1500 bus to note at from $4 to $4,50 ℔ bus, as to quality, the latter for prime; 500 bags recleaned seed sold at 7½c ℔ lb. Timothy is nominally unchanged, and Flaxseed scarce, with small receipts and sales at $2,20 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is little or nothing doing in foreign, but the market is firm. N. E. Rum is better and quoted at 35@36c. For Whiskey the market has been excited, and the sales large at a very considerable advance, barrels ranging at from 31 to 35c, and drudge at 30@34c, now held higher.

SUGAR—The stock is very light, and prices firm, with further small sales of Cuba and Porto Rico at 8½@8¾c, and 300 boxes at 8¼@8¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firmer, and city is quoted at 9¼@9½c; 200,000 lbs Butchers' Association sold at the latter figure.

TEAS continue in demand, and prices tending upward, the high views of holders limiting operations.

TOBACCO—The stock of both Leaf and Manufactured is nearly all out of first hands, and there is very little selling.

WOOL.—There has been a large business done in foreign, at about previous rates, including 100,000 lbs fine Cape Wool on terms kept private. Of fine fleece sales are also reported at 50c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1332 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ℔ lb. 70 Cows were sold at from $30 to 35 ℔ head. 2500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,00 to 5,00 ℔ cwt. 1600 Hogs brought from 4¾ to 5¾ ℔ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Dec. 31, 1861, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. D. FRANK BUTCHER, to Miss EMMA M DOWNER, daughter of Capt. Geo. W. Downer, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. MATTHEW WHITE, to Miss JANE RUSSELL, both of this city.

On the 26th of Sept. last, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JOHN R. G. MAYNE, of Salem county, N. J. to Miss BELLA, daughter of the late John Schelinger, of Cape Island, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, to Miss MARY JANE STINSON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. MICHAEL REDDING, to Miss MARY E. HUDDLESTON, daughter of the late Wm. Huddleston, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Noble Frame, Mr. JOSEPH H. REES, to Miss ELEANOR HINKLE, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM J. WILL, to Miss ESTHER A. daughter of the late Chas. Righter, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Paris, Ohio, on Thursday, Dec. 5th, 1861, Mr. JAMES DAWSON, aged 51 years.

Funeral obsequies on Sunday, Dec. 8th, under the direction of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to which Order Mr. Dawson belonged. A very interesting discourse was preached to an immense concourse of people, by the Rev. R. T. Davies, from Job 13: 15. At the grave, reading and prayer from the ritual of the Odd Fellows, by Capt. Barrett, in a very fervent and impressive manner.

At Bethlehem, Jan. 7th, 1862, Mrs. ADELAIDE BIGLER, wife of the Rev. David Bigler, aged 51 years and 3 months.

On Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 7th, 1862, ANN M. SPRINGER, wife of Benj. H. Springer, aged 73.

On Saturday, January 4th, 1862, Mrs. MARY ELLIOTT, relict of the late John Elliott, in her 74th year.

On the 6th instant, HENRY WILKINSON, aged 62 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN ROBERTS, relict of the late Edmund Roberts, in her 52d year.

On the 3d instant, Dr. DAVID H. LEAMER, in his 37th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN J. HUSBAND, Sr. in his 70th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN DOWNING, in his 48th year.

On the 4th instant, HENRY C. BUCK, son of Phebe and the late Isaac W. Buck, in his 30th year.

On the 4th instant, MARY SHAW, in her 63d year.

Suddenly, on the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY A. wife of Evan T. Roberts, in her 39th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 11, 1861.

Alabama	20 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey, par to	½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	5 to 7½ dis.	North Carolina	30 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	3 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania, par to	½ dis.
Kentucky	3 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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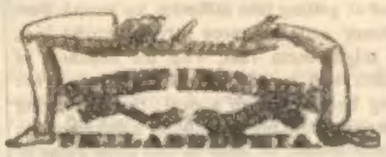

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

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Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

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oct16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS,

A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

Convinced of the correctness of these views,

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using, in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.
sep7tf

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—Every lady should have a copy. Sent, post-paid, in a sealed envelope, to any address, on receipt of two *red stamps.* Address, Box 1964, Post-Office, Philadelphia. dec28-3t

R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
nov6-ow1y

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati.
mh15-tf

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.
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KOLLOCK'S
IMPROVED DANDELION COFFEE.

Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, nutritious beverage for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders.

Thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One can contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee.

For sale at the N. E. Corner of Chestnut and Broad Sts., and all Druggists and Grocers, and by DYOTT & CO., No. 232 North Second St., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. dec21-1y

DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH is a sure remedy for a BAD BREATH, SORE MOUTHS, CANKER, DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS, NURSING SORE MOUTH, &c. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing artificial teeth, completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities.

No YOUNG LADY or YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a *bad breath* should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth street, Brooklyn (E. D.).

Principal

Wit and Humor.

THE SMILE AND THE LAUGH.

When my chest was forty-eight,*
And my waist was thirty-four,
And my back curved *from* the straight,
And my vest curved *not* before,
And my boots were smooth as glass,
And my calf was perfect styled,
Then whene'er I chanced to pass,
Mirthful maidens on me smiled.

Now my waist is sixty-four,†
And my chest is forty nine,
And my back curves *in* no more,
And a corporation's mine,
And a corn's on every toe,
And to drumsticks shrunk my calf,
I discern, where'er I go,
Maidens smile no more—they laugh!

* Inches understood.
† More inches still understood.

—*Punch's Pocket Book*, 1862.

TRUTHFUL CHEATING.

Old Adam C———, a resident of the original German Flats, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

"I guess about nine over ten."

In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:

"Mr. C———, what made you cheat me in selling this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten, and here he is twenty?"

"No, no; I sheats nobody. I say she is nine *over* ten, and she is all dat."

At another time, when he was selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull, and good to drive. Old Adam says:

"I tells you, in de morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; take up de lines and vip, and tell him go. I tells you he is right dair every time."

The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions he found him "right dair every time," and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position.—Buyer, of course, returns the horse; but old Adam "sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was."

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires:

"Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"Sphlit? Yaw, sphlit like a *candle*."

Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time old Adam came to market he was reproached for selling rotten wood; "but old Adam sheats nobody: he tells them shust as it was."

Errors of the Press.—Speaking of the errors of the press, Mr. Pycroft relates in his "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him to say, 'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course, the reviewers made the most of the blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature."

A Sound Man.—A "Sucker's" idea of soundness is aptly illustrated in the remark of an old bee-hunter in one of the Egyptian counties. The "times" were the topic of conversation among a group of villagers at "the store," and the soundness of the various Illinois banks was under discussion. Among these is the Gaston Bank, owned by Smith, a popular man among the "copperas-breeches" thereabouts.

"Is Smith sound?" inquired one of the party.

Uncle Milt, an old pioneer, taking his pipe from a hole in his face like a slit in a side of sole leather, broke out—

"Sound! Smith sound! Well, he *is*. He never wur sick in his life, weighs more'n 180, voted fur Dugle's, and believes in immersion—*sure!* I call that sound—*some!*"

Taking a Prescription.—A countryman in the depths of dyspeptic despair called on a physician. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying—

"Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight."

In ten days Giles returned, blooming and happy, the picture of health. The doctor was delighted, and proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he had not got it.

"Where was it?"

"I took it, sir."

"Took it! What have you done with it?"

"I *ate* it, sir! You told me to *take* it!"

Keen Retort.—An old bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows:—

Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman—

"Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it."

And then turning to a young woman, he inquired—

"Do you not think it would be the best I could do?"

"It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

A Slave Advertising His Master.—By the following it will be seen that the "contrabands" have begun to advertise for their runaway owners:—

$500 Reward.—Rund away fro' me on de 7th ob dis month, my massa Julan Rhett. Massa Rhett am five feet 'loben inches high, big shoulders, brack har, curly shaggy whiskers, low forehead, an' dark face. He make big fuss when he go 'mong de gemmen, he talk ver' big, an' use de name ob de Lord all of de time. Calls hisself "Suddern gemman," but I s'pose will now try to pass hiself off as a brack man or mulatter. Massa Rhett hab a deep scar on him shoulder from a fight, scratch 'cross de lef' eye, made by my Dinah when he try to whip her. He neber look people in de face. I more dan spec he will make track for Bergen kounty, in de furrin land ob Jarsey, whar I 'magin' he hab a few friends.

I will gib four hundred dollars for him if alive, an' five hundred dollars if anybody show him dead. If he cum back to his kind niggas widout much trubble, dis chile will recebe him lubin'ly. Sambo Rhett.

Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 9, 1861.

One Way to Make Money.—An old codger on a New York ferry-boat, the other morning, told a friend that he had made $700 very easy.

"How?"

"Why, you see it costs a thousand a year to support my son William—so I paid $300 for a Lieutenancy for him, and if the war lasts a year, I shall save just $700."

THE EAGLE'S SWOOP.

An eagle will only carry off such object as he can seize in sweeping by. He will not descend to any spot of ground unless he can leave it again, describing the same bold curve with which he came. He will not risk being hemmed in within narrow limits. An open field is indispensable to him for his tactics. The object must be freely exposed, or he will hardly venture to attempt making it his own. As a swallow rushes downward in a curve to catch the insects hovering over the pond and upwards again on high, in his flight describing an ellipse, so does the eagle, and thus only, sweep down to seize a lamb or other animal. It must be swept off the ground in full flight—it must be caught up at once without any hindrance; there must be "ample room and verge enough" for him to continue his sweeping flight, or the eagle will prefer not to break his fast, and will refrain from attempting that by which he may come to grief. Protection is thus afforded many a creature that would otherwise never be safe from so formidable an enemy. A small bush is sufficient guard against his attack; for he always takes heed not to approach places where he may get his talons entangled, and be held fast, or not have sufficient space for the movement of his wings. But for this fear of getting into difficulty, he would feast oftener and fast more rarely than he does. It might seem that, with his keenness of vision and speedy locomotion, he need not long be in want of a meal; that in ranging over an entire principality, or a dukedom, he surely would be able to find some game or other. And he doubtless does see enough that would suit his purpose well; but nothing exactly in the situation that makes it advisable for him to attempt to bear it off.—There are lambs below in the meadow, but they have instinctively become aware of their impending danger, and have crowded together in one dense mass, with the ewes outside; or they have all taken shelter beside a sloping bank, or beneath a tree, or alongside of a hedge. None of these positions suit the eagle. In the mountains the chamois do the same, or they stand sideways, pressing close against the rock; here the eagle cannot get near them, for fear of injuring his wings. Sometimes, too, they will take shelter around or under a large fragment of stone, determined to defend themselves to the last; but into a warfare of this sort the eagle has no intention of entering. Among those stones and clefts may lurk a danger he cannot see, and had not calculated on; so he leaves them, however unwillingly, to look elsewhere for a kid, in a situation so exposed that, without stop or stay, he may clutch it as he skims by within a foot of the ground. And so he often knows the pangs of hunger. It is only when driven to extremity that an eagle will descend upon the earth and battle with his prey. It is contrary to his instinct to do so. The air seems to be his peculiar element, and earth an uncongenial spot, and, moreover, full of pitfalls: it is too, rendered doubly dangerous by being the abode of man. Of him the eagle has, in common with all wild animals, an insurmountable dread.—*Forest Creatures.*

CHEAP PLEASURES.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks an excellent writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserably; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your office with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

The Sad Story of Amy Robsart, as Told in Scott's "Kenilworth."—Will the reader forgive us if we break with rude truth upon the pretty dream which the imagination of the Scottish wizard conjured up? Will he forgive us for destroying the charm with a few dry dates? We hope, indeed, he will, for truth is more priceless than even beauty. The union between Amy and Leicester was no stolen marriage, performed in dread secrecy, of which the amorous Queen was ignorant; but it had taken place in the presence of that Queen's brother and predecessor, King Edward VI., on the 4th of June, 1550. Another fact is worse and worse for the fair hues of the romance. Amy was no baby-doll of a wife, but a staid matron, married, alas! ten years at the time of her death, Sunday, 8th of September, 1560. The Harleian Manuscript, No. 607, is her funeral certificate. There it is catalogued, with thousands of others, in the British Museum.—Moreover, in the Augmentation Office, is the marriage settlement of the immortal Countess, executed by her father, Sir John Robsart, in which he, May 15th, in the reign of Edward VI., settles the magnificent sum of twenty pounds per annum upon his daughter. The Pepysian Library, at Cambridge, contains letters (lent to worthy Samuel Pepys by John Evelyn, and never returned) between the Earl of Leicester and Thomas Blount, on the subject of her death, in which the former conjures his "cosin" to make strict inquiry into the case, and speaks of obtaining an honest jury, "the discretest and substantial men." There is also the reply of the "cosin," relating the result of his inquiries, the minutest circumstances of the case.

On Horseback.—My horse came to the door at the usual hour of riding; with what gladness I sprung upon his back, felt the free wind freshening over my fevered cheek, and turned my rein towards the green lanes that border the great city on its western side. I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that a Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers and survey my resources; on horseback I always originate my noblest schemes and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch; fire, energy, etheriality have departed; I am the soil without the sun; the cask without the wine; the garments without the man.—*Pelham.*

A Curious Lamp.—This gull possesses a singular amount of oil, and has the power of throwing it from the mouth when terrified. It is said that this oil, which is very pure, is collected largely in St. Kilda by catching the bird on its egg, where it sits very closely, and making it disgorge the oil into a vessel. The bird is then released, and another taken. The inhabitants of the Farue Islands make a curious use of this bird when young and very fat, by simply drawing a wick through the body, and lighting it at the end which projects through the beak. This unique lamp will burn for a considerable period.—*Routledge's Natural History.*

☞ A common arm-chair is a more comfortable seat than a throne, and a soft beaver hat a lighter and more pleasant piece of headgear than a crown.

PLEASANT FOR LASHER.

I say, Tom, there goes old Lasher who wouldn't let us slide in front of his house this morning. I think we have got the best of him now, eh?

THE GREAT ARMY.

The great army of freemen now fighting for the integrity of the Union is contributed by the several States as follows—the second column showing the percentage of soldiers to the population of the several states, the third the number of inhabitants to each soldier sent. Pennsylvania, it will be seen, leads the column as to the whole number in arms—Illinois in the proportion to population.

States	No.	Percentage.	Proportion to Population.
California	4,683	1-22	or 1 to 82 inhab.
Connecticut	14,036	3-11	or 1 to 31 inhab.
Delaware	2,775	2-47	or 1 to 40 inhab.
Illinois	84,941	5-08	or 1 to 20 inhab.
Indiana	62,015	4-52	or 1 to 22 inhab.
Iowa	20,705	3-04	or 1 to 33 inhab.
Kentucky	15,000	1-29	or 1 to 77 inhab.
Maine	15,007	2-42	or 1 to 41 inhab.
Maryland	7,000	0-90	or 1 to 105 inhab.
Massachusetts	20,195	2-45	or 1 to 41 inhab.
Michigan	29,331	3-00	or 1 to 26 inhab.
Minnesota	4,100	2-41	or 1 to 42 inhab.
Missouri	31,488	2-57	or 1 to 38 inhab.
N. Hampshire	10,379	3-18	or 1 to 31 inhab.
New Jersey	13,410	1-84	or 1 to 54 inhab.
New York	110,389	3-87	or 1 to 25 inhab.
Ohio	91,441	3-84	or 1 to 26 inhab.
Pennsylvania	113,959	3-89	or 1 to 26 inhab.
Rhode Island	7,188	4-06	or 1 to 24 inhab.
Vermont	8,780	2-78	or 1 to 36 inhab.
Virginia	13,779	0-80	or 1 to 125 inhab.
Wisconsin	14,945	1-94	or 1 to 51 inhab.
Kansas	5,000	4-27	or 1 to 23 inhab.

Useful Receipts.

Perspiring and Cold Feet.—A great many people suffer from this cause. And the mischief is not confined to the feet. It extends to the head, throat, and, in brief, to the entire person. How shall perspiring and cold feet be made dry and warm? Answer.—Dip them in cold water every night before retiring, and rub them until they are warm, with the naked hand. Wash them every morning with soap and water. Change the stockings three times a week, or in bad cases every day. Wear substantial leather boots, and avoid rubbers.

Bad odor, emitted by the feet, is removed by the same treatment.

I have prescribed this in hundreds of cases, and have never known it to fail.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

Composition to Stop Leakage.—A correspondent of the Lynn News gives a recipe for a cheap composition with which leaks in roofs may be effectually stopped. Having a leaky "L," he says:—

"I made a composition of four pounds of resin, one pint of linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, and applied it hot with a brush to the part where the "L" was joined to the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor who had a dormer window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak was stopped. I made my water-cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, etc., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

Turkish Coffee.—The Turkish way of making coffee, produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold two tablespoonsful of water, is the instrument used; the fresh-roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the middle boiler; it is then nearly filled with water and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. It is allowed to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain—sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after a little practice, are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every hut these coffee-boilers are suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

Agricultural.

THE SHELTER OF EVERGREENS.

The advantages of evergreens as a protection against cold winds, may be realized by observing their influence in the winter season. Where a close belt or border of spruces or hemlocks, or both combined, stands so as to break the force of the northern blasts and at the same time allow the sun to shine full on the lee side, observe how poultry and all domestic animals enjoy themselves by resorting to such a place. There is no doubt that evergreens actually modify the temperature. The late Hon. John Lowell reported several years since, some interesting experiments in relation to this subject. He placed a thermometer in the midst of a thicket of evergreens, and compared the temperature there indicated with that of the atmosphere, before sunrise, and the result of many observations was, that in very cold weather the thermometer in the thicket was several degrees higher than that in the open air.

Might not farmers avail themselves of this principle to a much greater extent than they do? We would not advise the planting of evergreens or other trees near buildings; because the exclusion of the sun gives a sombre and gloomy cast to objects, renders the air less wholesome for animals, and by preventing the moisture from drying off, rots the boarding and timbers. But the trees should be at such a distance that while they form a barrier against the wind, they will admit the grateful sunlight about the buildings.

The common idea in regard to such trees, is, probably, that they are merely ornamental, or perhaps agreeable in summer on account of their shade. Their advantages in a strictly utilitarian view are much greater. Many a bleak pasture might be made to produce more and better feed by belts of trees, which by their influence on the atmosphere, promote alike the growth of more nutritious vegetation, and conduce to the comfort and thrift of the animals which feed on it. In Scotland, the results of this system of protection are very striking. It is but a few years, comparatively, since portions of that country which now present numerous examples of successful cultivation in connection with grazing, were little more than barren wastes—so severe were the winds which almost constantly swept over them. The happy change has been effected by planting belts of timber—larch, pine, spruce, &c.—and by drainage. In some instances it would be difficult to say to which of these the greatest improvement is to be attributed; the necessity of both, and their good results are apparent.

It requires but a narrow belt of evergreens, in most localities in this section, to form a complete barrier against the wind. Our hemlock is a most admirable tree for this purpose, producing, when in the open air, numerous branches, from its base upward, densely filled with foliage. A breadth of ten feet set with these trees, or with the Norway spruce alternating, effectually shuts out the winds. In localities where winds have a wider sweep, broader belts are required, and where wood and timber are scarce, nothing is lost by planting a breadth of twenty or thirty feet, as the protection which the trees thus afford each other, insures a more rapid growth and greater size.

The Ground-Cherry Again.—A correspondent at Watertown, N. Y., writes that he "purchased of a man claiming to be from Boston, a package of what were called 'Alkekengi seeds,'" and he wishes to "learn something of the nature of the plant." It is probably the same thing that has been peddled over some parts of the country under the name of strawberry-tomato, well known as a weed in some of the western states under the name of ground-cherry. It seems to have had its run under the former attractive name, and the one alluded to by our correspondent was probably adopted on this account. The plant is known botanically as the *Physalis alkekengi*. It is an annual, of low, bushy habit, the fruit being produced within the calyx, which is inflated and bladder-like. The fruit when ripe has a pleasant smell and taste, and where the fruits commonly cultivated are scarce, it is sometimes used for preserves.

Horse-chestnuts are much used on the Continent, especially in the Rhine districts, for fattening cattle and for feeding milch cows. Hermstadt gives an analysis of a sample dried in the air, and with 21.8 per cent. of the shell removed. The analysis stands thus:—

Starch,	35.42
Flour fibre,	19.78
Albumen,	17.19
Bitter extract,	11.45
Oil,	1.21
Gum,	13.54
Total,	98.59

Pabst estimates that 100 pounds of dried horse chestnuts are equal in nutritious value to 160 pounds of average hay; another authority, Petri, makes them equal, pound weight for pound weight, to oatmeal.—*Exchange Paper.*

Cotton-Seed vs. Flax-Seed Cake.—At a late discussion by a farmers' club in England, one of the speakers said that cotton-seed cake was much used in his neighborhood, and that he preferred it to flax seed cake for animals at grass, or while eating large quantities of roots. So far as any conclusion can be arrived at from the use of the two articles in this vicinity, it is in favor of cotton-seed cake at the prices—there being generally ten dollars a ton or more in favor of that over flax-seed cake.

American Ploughs.—A correspondent of the London Mark-Lane Express says:—"The Americans have driven our plough-makers out of the Australian, Indian and Colonial markets, by their lighter and cheaper articles. Unless our makers bestir themselves here, by using steel instead of heavy castings, they will be likely to be 'beaten on their own ground.'"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 3, 12, 18, 13, 16, 17, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 16, 13, 19, 27, 15, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 11, 15, 3, 7, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 6, 9, 3, 4, 16, is a town in New York.
My 14, 17, 22, 3, 15, 20, is a county in New York.
My 16, 23, 24, 25, 12, 26, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 18, 20, 11, 26, 9, 15, 16, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 18, 11, 29, 4, 9, 10, 1, 28, is a county in New York.
My 20, 6, 19, 3, 4, 16, is a town in New York.
My 21, 24, 12, 2, is a county in Delaware.
My 26, 3, 5, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 26, 2, 12, 22, is a creek in Pennsylvania.

My whole is two things that all good patriots should do. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 10, 3, 5, 17, 24, 24, is an island in the Polynesia.
My 23, 22, 19, 24, 12, is a mountain in Africa.
My 6, 2, 11, is a river in Siberia.
My 21, 11, 27, 14, 24, 8, 20, is a town in Sicily.
My 23, 7, 21, 3, is a gulf in Russia.
My 21, 24, 13, 25, 11, is a lake of Minnesota.
My 27, 15, 16, 26, 11, is a Cape of Florida.
My 1, 18, 3, 21, 14, is a county of Indiana.
My 9, 6, 19, is a river of Russia.
My 6, 4, 11, 27, 14, 1, is a town of Russia.

My whole is a maxim. SAMUEL LAIRD.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 9, 10, 11, is found on the sea shore.
My 7, 9, 4, is a small animal.
My 6, 5, 7, 9, is a book in the Bible.
My 6, 4, 10, 9, is a mountain in Europe.
My 4, 3, 1, is an abbreviation.
My 2, 9, 7, is the opposite to peace.
My 3, 9, 11, is a noun.

My whole is a country in Europe. WILLIE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From East to West, from North to South,
Throughout creation's boundless hue,
Amidst the changing objects seen,
My first's e'er present to your view.

Ere yet creation formed a span,
Ere Eden's occupants were seen,
Lived then my second—lives he yet—
Lives, moves, sees all, and reigns supreme.

In every land, in every clime,
Where art and science hold their reign,
My whole you'll find—friendly and kind—
His business is to entertain.

Toulon, Ill.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An island in Asia.
A river in the United States.
A river in Russia.
A county in Virginia.
A gulf in Sardinia.
A county in New York.

The initials form a town; the finals where situated. CHAS. COTTRELL.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I own a tract of land in the shape of an oblong square, it being 72 12-20 perches longer East and West than North and South; and the four sides of which together, taken in one sum, are 300 perches more than the measure of a diagonal across the tract from the South East to the North-West corner thereof. Now I wonder if any Arithmetician will tell me the area of this tract? AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a sphere is 40 inches. Required—the length of one edge of the greatest tesseradron that can be cut from it?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What kind of "jaw" can a person stand the least of? Ans.—Lockjaw.

☞ What is the difference between a spiritual rapper and the way a legislative body sometimes does business? Ans.—One motions the table while the other tables the motions.

☞ What "row" will the rebels find hard to hoe? Ans.—Cairo.

☞ Why is this conundrum like some of the problems published in the Post? Ans.—Because "An answer is requested."

Tonica, Ill. CLINTON PARKINSON.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"The Saturday Evening Post, long may it flourish." ENIGMA.—Sebastian Cabot. CHARADE.—Hemlock. (Hem! lock.) CHARADE.—Glow-worm. REBUS.—Nelson. (Nevoes, Elba, Ladre, St. Lawrence, Orinoco, Niemen.)

Answer to PROBLEM published November 8th.—The father had at first 24 apples: the first of the children got 8, the second 6, the third 4, the fourth 3, and the father had 2 apples left for himself. DANIEL DIEFENDACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION by A., published December 14th.—1.

DAVID ANDERSON and R. VAREY.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, same date, by Artemus Martin.—One side of square hole is 12.8 inches, nearly.

Green Co., N. Y. C. F. CARNWRIGHT.

David Anderson, Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind., gives his answer 10¾ inches, nearly.